

MACLEAN'S

SPECIAL ISSUE: 2003 HONOUR ROLL

10 CANADIANS WHO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

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OUR GREAT UNKNOWN

The best things about Canada are often people and places off the beaten track

I DON'T KNOW about you, but as soon as we get to our country place this weekend and wake the kids involved, I have my favourite summer novel bookmarked and ready to crack open. *Underneath* is a murder mystery set in St. John's in the pre-Confederation Newfoundland of 1947. The author, Thomas Rendell Cormin, is a fascinating Newfoundlander who has spent most of his working life as a researcher and writer on the famous Hill in Ottawa. It's Cormin's first book, and I hadn't heard of him or it before, but so far, *Underneath* is terrific. He weaves an atmosphere-filled plot that's the equal of the sag British crime writers—and I hope we meet his brooding protagonist, Inspector Eric Stindle of the Royal Newfoundland Constabulary, in future novels.

I mention this not just as a recommendation, but also because this is one of the best of Canada: we constantly discover fascinating people and things we hadn't known about before. All it takes is curiosity, and an accompanying willingness to try new things. I found *Underneath*, first published in 2002, at a bookstore at the St. John's airport on my wife and I's second of a four-day business-and-pleasure visit that was memorable for all the above reasons. We found a great little local shop that was the most efficient, friendly staff I've ever encountered (the Mystery Premises), and in a new restaurant that was similarly superb (Aqua on Water Street, if you're asking), bought pretty much all the handmade linen cloth in the city, and racked up hundreds of kilometres in our rented car exploring the coastline outside the city. It was a reminder of why Peter Macleod was so wise when he wrote recently that Canadians too often forget that one of the world's great travel destinations is our own country.

Our Canada Day double issue revolves around similar themes—celebrating familiar and lesser-known Canadian measures. The list of our two special reports, directed by Executive Editor Michael Benedet, is our annual Honour Roll. In which we pro-

file Canadians who enrich the lives of others through the way they live their own lives. The list ranges from those renowned internationally—such as novelist Atwood and hockey player Wayne Gretzky—to others who make their impact in ways that are just as important, but more low-key.

Our second special report, overseen by Assistant Managing Editor Patricia MacInnis, celebrates Canadian food and wine. Journalists in our bureau outside Toronto, along with correspondents here, throw themselves headily into the task of eating in some of the country's best restaurants, and learning the techniques of the produce suppliers and chefs who push them to that level. One of the most successful is registrar chef Foster Lee, whose specialties in fusion cooking—by which he takes the best of different cultural and culinary techniques and produces a taste even greater than the parts. In short, a recipe for Canada on our best days.

Which brings us to Moses Zuckerman's third annual *ideaCity* magazine, which took place in Toronto last week. Moses, like Foster Lee, is gifted at bringing together diverse elements—in this case, some of the country's greatest thinkers and scholars in seemingly disparate fields—and if pushing them to the next by providing a forum in which they're encouraged to talk about issues outside of their traditional areas of expertise. The lesson is that, often as not, the most compelling people and places are ones you've never heard of before. Now Canada: So this July 1, to celebrate getting out of town—to learn more about the country we share—I plan to do the same—as soon as I find out how Inspector Stindle cracked the case.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

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MACLEAN'S

(Canada's most influential magazine)

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"Until there is a commitment to keep our water, food and air clean, there is nothing we can do to keep up with the demands on the health-care system." —**FARUKA MURRAY**, *Mississauga, Ont.*

Letter to the Editor *Selfish Medicines*

Raising health care

As a nurse clinician who works alongside interdisciplinary colleagues, I was surprised that you omitted the most important persons in the collaborative health-care team: the patient and family ("Team players," *Health Reports/Cover*, June 16). Without recognizing them as legitimate team players, health-care professionals are at risk for simply "doing to" our patients when we really need to be working with them.

Andrea Pritchard, Calgary

As a registered nurse working in the psychosocial/cultural health setting, I find it alarming to examine your rankings and see nothing that reflects mental health and addiction services ("Cover of excellence," *Health Reports/Cover*). I hope that this huge oversight will be addressed in the next national survey, as a significant percentage of Canada's population is afflicted by mental illness at various stages in life. Depression and acute manifestations of schizophrenia, among many other diagnoses, along with suicide attempts, are results for admission to hospital and often result in very lengthy stays, as well as taxing community resources if the individual is trying to function outside the hospital setting. The emotional, psychological and financial stresses that affect the individual and families create a deep gouge in the otherwise remarkable health statistics you have compiled.

Colleen Stewart, Member at Large, Canadian Federation of Mental Health Nurses, Edmonton

To the public, all that matters is uninterrupted access to health care and that there be no point-of-service cost. To governments, all that matters is that health care appears to respond expeditiously; needs, however, stop-gap initiatives like Telehealth, Ontario's telephone support line that routes nurses from hospitals and serves to provide public access. The continuing service decline will not be stopped without significant resource allocation at every need point, both in-home (doctors, nurses, nurse practitioners) and equipment/facility. Correction of the increasing



deficiencies will require lots of time for training people, building facilities and putting supplies in place. The rigid thinking against public/private collaborations or fully private undertakings will only add demand to continue to exceed supply.

Dr. Richard Graham, Lacombe, Ont.

Horror, by any other name

Aaron White's letter "Speaking volumes" (June 9) denies the harsh practice of destroying the homes of families of Palestinian suicide bombers. The dictionary defines a "suicide" as one who takes his or her life. But these bombers are committing homicide. The fact that they die as a by-product of their own designs. Also, all the bombers know very well what the harsh reaction will be if they don't care about their own families, why should anyone else?

Daisy Friedman, Mississauga, Ont.

Friendly skies

"Defending Air Canada" (Monbridge on the Record, June 16) struck a significant chord. A native Scot and Canadian citizen since 1983, I have returned to Scotland several times to provide help and support to my aging and ailing parents—always flying Air Canada. After each visit, it is difficult to adequately describe my enmeshment on entre-

ing the departure lounge in Glasgow for the return flight and cringing sight of the reassuring proximity of the huge aircraft with its distinctive and logical boarding and deboarding lanes. Air Canada helps define this country and is truly a national institution which we cannot afford to lose.

Art Brant, Brighton Beach, Ont.

As an employee of Air Canada, I would like to think positive finally saying something nice about this company. It's been hard enough working the last couple of years, having no idea whether you are going to have a job next month, but it has also made it harder when you listen to the news and everyone is bashing the airline.

Shawn Gaudet, North

The real problem with Air Canada is its competence. Too many bosses, not enough workers with a tiny spark of entrepreneurial spirit, and stifling them that don't allow feedback and employees to move ahead. Let Air Canada go, and open our airports to free enterprise and other countries' carriers.

Don Schickel, Toronto, Ont.

As a surgeon in the Canadian health-care system, I see a parallel situation to Air Canada where we are consistently criticized for long waiting times and depersonalized care, while waiting to maintain a standard of safety for our patients that is more and more difficult to provide. If Canada's wish to salvage these institutions that define us internationally, we will all need an extra dose of understanding. Moreover, I'll continue to force a smile as I tear open the bag of headphones and helplessly watch the four-piece explode forth and roll under my seat, never to be found again.

Dr. Susan Deschamps, London, Ont.

And throw away the key

Donald Cox's insightful hand-wringing about the "Chernobyl-esque" financial disaster brought on by "shills and resource brokers" is most welcome, but more exposed in inadequacy ("Paying for our sins," *Columbia*, June 16). The greatest step in the economic and moral rehabilitation of U.S. capitalism will occur only when all those shills and resource brokers are escorted into the electric and electric chair available. However, I'll bet you a dime to a nickel option that such punishment will rarely happen. Pretty thieves

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THEMAIL



Harfield may have been last at the finish, but he was a class A-sailer with lots of guts.

got some problems—a financial thievery of Olympic dimensions got at best a slap on the wrist.

Ram Minkels, Vancouver, Ont.

Around the world in many days

Derek Harfield took nearly nine months to race his sailboat around the world ("Solo sailor splits of Canada," *The Week*, June 16). Yes, his was the last boat to cross the finish line, but he was third in the overall standings in his class. A class-A sailor with a lot of guts.

Don Carmody, Georgetown, N.B.

Horse hockey

I gather Will Ferguson wasn't too enamoured of Saskatchewan winters ("Tale of two cities," *Will Ferguson's Canada*, June 16). I grew up in Saskatoon in the '30s, and winter was the best of the four seasons. Winter was snow forts, angels in the snowbanks, sliding on barrel staves, snowball fights and road hockey. We called it "slushy"—quadrant catalogues were stuffed in stockings for this game and we used frozen horse manure for pucks. We called them "road apples," but in the spring those they became "mudflats," and nobody wanted to play in gobs! Those of us who emigrated still tell you Saskatoon is the best place in Canada to be from.

Rob Thompson, Victoria

What should?

I have been considering travelling to Ontario later this summer for a two week holiday.

Having not yet booked my flight, I was surprised that, despite falling numbers of tourists, it's hard to get a return flight from London to Toronto, and the cheapest scheduled flights are running at least \$1,350. It's not surprising tourist numbers are down ("A virus strikes tourism," *Business*, June 9), and it's not all to do with SARS. Could it be that the busied security industry is still trying to bring every bus dollar to pound out of the travelling public?

Paul Broadbent, Rochester, England

Cultural decline

I loved the black and white photo of the national flag and bannons ("Tale in the top of the world," *The North*, June 16). However, I take exception to the statement that "urban-based animal rights activists... have wreaked so much havoc in the lives of the Inuit." I would suggest that Ottawa's attempt to "invade" the Inuit by bringing them into closer contact with churches, schools and nursing stations "is the real cause of any havoc wreaked, TV and videos being the final kiss of death to a once smiling and proud culture."

Kurt Grist, University, Ont.

Conventional wisdom

Rick Salutin has managed an accurate account of the 2003 Federal Conservative leadership convention ("Troublesome Tories," *Politics*, June 16). Post-convention, we were forced to read newspaper and TV commentators' spins on everything from "The Deal" to "The Cab."



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Blast from the past

I was surprised and absolutely delighted with the article and pictures of Chew Dong Hey, who was a very good friend of both my

mother and my grandfather, J. D. Pearson, who owned the Queen's Hotel in the 1930s ("Last portraits of the past," *Photography*, June 16). I have very fond memories of shopping in Hey's general store and of his children, but the most remarkable was of having a Chinese New Year's dinner at his house. It was authentic and simply delicious.

Doris Clark 2361604, New Br. Vancouver

Long-playing nostalgia

I read your piece on the long-playing record with some bemusement, since I've heard that side played many times before ("Long live the record," *Low-tech*, June 16). We were treated, once again, to the hyperbolic statements about the LP's tonal warmth and range, so conspicuously absent on CD or "vinyl's unsurpassed sound-quality." The first CD I ever heard in the early 1980s was at a private showing by an engineer from Sony, who had brought a demonstration machine from headquarters in Japan. I remarked that the sound quality was, indeed, breathtaking, but the most impressive thing about the CD was that it would sound exactly the same one year later. This is the essential difference between the digital system, as represented by the CD, and the analog, embodied in the LP. I hardly play my LPs any more, because it is simply too much of a performance to have to clean the record, clean the stylus, make sure your hands don't touch the playing surface, etc., etc.

Heidi McFarlane, Toronto

Lorrie L. Lachance, Kelowna, B.C.

Having attended the convention as a David Orchard delegate, I found Bob Salantelli's article to be the most thoughtful of all the reports I read. Yes, the outcome was surprising, and that will help us see this historically significant party. The addition of Orchard, a centrist, will again make the party attractive to the majority of Canadians. Finally there is an alternative to the Liberals.

Ken Gortalski, Toronto, Ont.

THE MAIL

and it was refreshing to read a well thought-out analysis. But even Soliste seems to have difficulty grasping the dedication that motivates those who support David Orchard. For many of us it is his necessary ability to bring a broad range of people with diverse backgrounds, social status and education together for the good of a common cause. It is his grasp of the issues affecting everyday Canadians and his courage to speak out on them. It is his calm, patient, soft-spoken manner that has kept him in service to his cause for the last 25 years. Canada—he believes in her potential.

Lorrie L. Lachance, Kelowna, B.C.

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Doris Clark 2361604, New Br. Vancouver

Queen of Canada

The year 2003 is not only the 50th anniversary of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II ("Elizabeth then and now," *The Week*, June 16), it is the 50th anniversary of the adoption of the repatriate title of Queen of Canada—a development that was of crucial importance in the maintenance of the Crown as the firm of government and framework of Canadian society. Orchard's adoption of the title Queen of Canada was the fulfillment of a dream going back to the Fathers of Confederation, who wanted the Dominion of Canada to be named the Kingdom of Canada. God bless our constitutional monarchy and God save the Queen of Canada. Long may she reign over us.

David H. Smith, Ottawa

Thank you Paul

As a financial planner, I was pleased to read Paul Wells's column "Our golden oldie days" on the Canada Pension Plan (*The Back Page*, June 16). I have been able to find much more confidence in ensuring my first clients that their Canada Pension should be there for them since the premiums and investment charges have been made. Most Canadians want to count on their government to spend wisely and run programs efficiently. Unfortunately, their faith has been tested recently in recent times by mismanagement at HRDC, the gun registry fiasco and a prime minister who no longer seems to care to govern. We would like government to look beyond the next election date in our interest and fix problems before they blow up. But this rarely happens. Paul Martin and the provincial finance ministers did the unthinkable. They use a future problem and agreed how to fix it. The changes in premiums mean I now pay 9.9 per cent of my income to the CPP to ensure my pension is there when I retire. I'm willing and happy to do so in order to avoid the results of poor planning evidenced in Europe.

Gary Sobow, Burlington, Ont.

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



CANADIANS OF DISTINCTION

Passion, it's what separates champions from also-rans, the great from the merely good. And passion—for life and for their life's work—is what distinguishes the 18 men and women chosen for the 2003 Maclean's Honour Roll.

This year's honourees fall into three main categories, says Executive Editor Michael Benedict, above, who has overseen the selection process since 1993. "We've chosen several celebrities, such as singer Chantal Kreviazuk; there are also people who are well-known in their fields but are not household names, like Dr. Sonia Lapierre; and there are those who are known primarily in their local communities, such as Gilles Lapage, CEO of the Federation of Acadia Credit Unions."

The selection process is a challenge, says Benedict, adding that Maclean's readers, bureau chiefs, staff and editors all have their say.

"We want people from a variety of fields and different regions of Canada. Fortunately, there's no end of tremendous candidates. Our readers respond to the annual call for nominations with many excellent suggestions and we're open to all of them, provided they are not actively involved in politics. The challenge is in narrowing down the list. There are always others we'd like to include."

Whether well-known or obscure, the stories resonate strongly with Canadians, says Benedict. "We've learned that the Honour Roll is a very significant and well-established part of the Canadian landscape," he says, "particularly for those who are selected. They're told us that it opens doors for them and they receive valuable attention as a result."

This is Maclean's 38th annual Honour Roll and the second to appear in the Canada Day double issue. The timing is significant, adds Benedict. "The process is about Canadians choosing Canadians, and this is a fitting home for those who are making a difference in the lives of their fellow citizens."

For further information about this article, contact: behindthescenes@macleans.ca. Visit macleans.ca for biographies on all of this year's honourees.

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Iraq | An ongoing conflict—after the war was deemed over

As they faced each other over a thin corridor of razor wire—one side armed to the teeth, the other with little more than an untested mortar and rifle with the injury of mind over war. Across from the American GIs that Baghdad afternoon stood their former enemy, one-time members of the Iraqi military, demobilized—paid for in the US\$30 that, according to reports that turned out to be false, they were to get for laying down weapons when the armed forces were disbanded. These men avoided the money they said. And when two unarmed Iraqis were also beaten the next day, confusion, it looked for all the world like the real battle for Baghdad was just beginning.

You can't blame the Americans for being jittery. For over a week, U.S. soldiers had been trying to root out guerrilla-style insurgents in the Sunni-dominated areas around Tikrit, Saddam Hussein's hometown. Instead, conflict spread to Baghdad. More than 100 insurgents—Baath party loyalists or Islamic militants from elsewhere—were

facing off against former Iraqi soldiers; the polemics are down for 6548

labeled in the fighting. The U.S. has paid a price too. Since May 1, when combat was deemed over, more than 50 GIs have died in Iraq, many in sniper attacks, a trend that is starting to be noticed in small-town America as the cadets come home.

The day after the Baghdad debate, a rocket-propelled grenade struck a U.S. military installation in southern Baghdad, killing a soldier. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld tried to quell concerns, saying Baghdad was still less dangerous than Washington on a bad day. But his words carried little comfort for those on night patrol, or for Baghdad's British allies, who grumbled that growing anger might keep British troops in Iraq another four years. Tarkenton has enough on his plate, without co-sponsors trifling in inquiry that ferrets made selective use of intelligence to make the case that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction—and justify the war. If the U.S. can't administer its victory in Baghdad, then the conflict can only grow—on too many fronts.



Quote of the week | 'I hate when they call this friendly fire. This was a stupid accident involving criminal lack of judgment.' MAUREEN DECAIRE, on hearing that U.S. pilots who dropped a bomb on Canadians in Afghanistan will not face court martial. Four soldiers died; her son, Cpl. Brian Decaire, was among eight injured.

ScoreCard

▼ **Barack Obama** Not crazy. He's long running press conference to make her case. The upcoming L.A. bridge councilor says she was unlikely to be killed by police and ignored by Los Angeles hospitals. They're all pieces still to come.

▼ **George H.W. Bush** Privacy cameras claim left for a day-long expense account lifestyle. He's writing speeches during those 244 meals and fighting for long with luxury stopovers at Hawaii. Aren't we all?

▲ **David Beckham** British soccer icon's latest move: distraction is sold on the football market for \$55 million. Goals for a country where soccer isn't quite as popular. Will be controversial in Baghdad—already Iraq's footballer. Next child to be named David.

▼ **A quick victory** Still no smoking gun. "Unsettled" Iraqis now free to wage violent anti-American activities. More than 30 U.S. soldiers died since "hostilities" ended May 1. The good news: George W. Bush shows one in three Americans take weapons of mass destruction. One as he believes. One sent them during war.

▼ **English school** Years in flight: any marriage—a substandard. The fact that legal definition is not and jurisdiction. Day. Afternoon may have to wage court battle for rights enjoyed by other Canadians.



WORLD

BOMB Police in Northern Ireland destroyed a bag, one bomb that had enough explosives to destroy an entire building, raising fears that the IRA's bulldozing might be on their old tricks. Trouble brewed in other old hot spots as Tamil fighters roamed high-profile political museums in Sri Lanka, and as grenades for a radioactive "dirty bomb" were found in a town in the former Soviet republic of Georgia, reportedly found for the black market in nearby Turkey.

BCMP also retrieved a huge cache of stolen explosives in Azerbaijan, B.C. part of a score-scoring plot between black gangs.

RAIN The European Union, adding to U.S. pressure, threatened to scupper a proposed trade pact if Britain does not agree to unfettered UN inspections of its nuclear facilities. British unrest in Iran spilled over into its second week.

AMERICAN JUSTICE The Federal Court said Washington can keep across the identities of the more than 700 people arrested (74 of them still detained) in the aftermath of Sept. 11 so as not to tip off terrorist groups.

DEMOCRATS In the latest U.S. census, Hispanics overtook black Americans as that country's largest minority.

SHAKEHEADS In an unusual show of co-operation, China agreed to deport to New York the 33-year-old woman accused of being the "mother of all snafus" she is a stand trial for people smuggling.



ROYAL DRESS-UP The royal do some glitz-setting during the annual Trooping the Colour parade, the official start to Britain's city-raft season—Windsor, the literary regatta and the Royal Ascot race. Sporting the flower a Zara Phillips, daughter of Princess Anne, with boyfriend Richard Johnson. Added royal attractions: Prince Harry's thinking of joining the army, and Prince William's tuning in.

U.S. authorities indicted 14, including the suspected kingpin (a 35-year-old Honduran woman who lived for a period in a turpentine shack in southern Texas), for their alleged role in a smuggling network that caused the deaths of 19 mostly Mexican migrants, trapped in a tractor-trailer in

endangering Iran in Victoria, Tex., in May.

ILLUSION The inscription on a limestone box below the stone to have held the bones of Jesus, brother of Jesus, in a film, 14 children on their birthdays. Authority said. The ancient ossuary, purchased by an amateur collector, was displayed at the Royal Ontario Museum earlier this year.

REALITY TV An Irish survival show nearly ran the ultimate date when a ship carrying 10 contestants around Ireland's treacherous coast struck rocks and broke up. Terrified participants and the ship's crew were winched to safety. The course wasn't running at the time.

CANADA

FRIENDLY FIRE Two American fighter pilots who bombed and killed four Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan in April 2002 will not face criminal charges, the U.S. air force announced. Members of the four—Almonzo Dyer, Mike Leger, Nathan Smith and Richard O'Brien—were charged by the result of the lengthy inquiry and review but said it was not unexpected.

MARRIAGE Bowing to judicial pressure, Ottawa pledged to change the definition of marriage to include gays and lesbians, making Canada the third country, after Belgium and the Netherlands, to legally sanction same-sex unions. Ottawa won't appeal recent rulings in Ontario, B.C. and Quebec, which found prohibitions against gay marriage discriminatory. Instead, it will bring in leg-

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THE WEEK



COMING APART **STRIKES** in the West Bank outpost of Mitzpeh Yitzhar fought with their own army as soldiers attempted to dismantle the unauthorized settlement (a few tents and huts with 20 residents), part of Israeli's obligation under the so-called road map to peace.

ulation to protect the rights of churches to solemnly marriage as they define it. Alberta plans to back the new law. Until it is passed, same-sex couples can be married only in Ontario, where the court ruling had immediate effect and is expected to turn city halls into a haven for American and other gays looking to legalize their relationships.

DISASTER AID Ottawa agreed to pay up \$190 million of a proposed \$315 million compensation package for western beef producers affected by the **mad-cow** ban on exports. The federal government was also reportedly preparing a \$100-million aid package for Ontario, and perhaps other provinces, hit by the SARS epidemic. The World Health Organization said the deadly respiratory ailment has been "stopped dead in its tracks," and World Travel advises an

everywhere but Beijing, Ontario, meanwhile, recorded its 35th SARS death; 79 people were still on the critical list.

ABDUCTIONS Toronto police arrested two men, in separate incidents, for suspected child abduction. One of them, a Chicago man, was reportedly found with duct tape, handcuffs, a garrote and a Polaroid camera in his van. Neither was charged with the high-profile murder and disappearance of 10-year-old Holly Jones in May. There have been 15 attempted abductions of children by strangers in Toronto between January and June 9.

A scarful Darlene Heatherton, the Lethbridge, Alta., councillor who caused an international incident in May when she disappeared for three days, told a press conference she was drugged, abducted and

raped four times by an unknown man before reappearing in Las Vegas. Heatherton said she had bruises on her body and traces of drugs in her system, but that police bullied her into changing her story and saying she had an affair.

POLITICS In Quebec, defeated premier Bernard Landry was the right to hang on to the Parti Québécois leadership until the spring of 2005.

In Ottawa, Chris Stockwell, the well-travelled environment minister, resigned after a 10-day flap over travel expenses. He used constituency money to bring his family along on foreign trips.

In Ottawa, federal privacy commissioner George Hudson was to fight what he called a "senior campaign" by a parliamentary committee over his **expensive** lunches. Rudowski and a female assistant expended \$300,000 over two years for travel and meals, much of that enjoyed together.

CITIZEN Filling a campaign promise, Quebec's Liberal government introduced a bill allowing municipalities to hold a referendum to undo the unpopular **forced amalgamations** from the previous government legislation.

PACED The good news: a Montreal company has developed an **exorcising machine** that eliminates the stomach-flaming odours from hockey gloves and other rink-soaked equipment. The bad: the contraption (\$11,000, too much for all but the most dedicated of hockey households).

BY SERGE CHAPLEAU



TEEN DEPRESSION The teenage years bring with them chronic depression, with nearly one in four 16- and 17-year-olds reporting serious periods of despondency, according to long-term research by Statistics Canada and other agencies. Still, the survey found that the group was broadly optimistic about the future; also, that 44 per cent had smiled just at least once in the previous year.

SCREENING The Canadian Blood Services agency will soon be screening all **blood donations** for West Nile virus, the mosquito-borne illness that turned up in a dead crow in Windsor, Ont., two years ago and has been spreading west. Health officials believe West Nile killed 16 people in Ontario last year and two others in Quebec, at least three of them through transfusions.

Mansbridge on the Record



DREAMS AMID DECEIT

It's easy—and unfair—for people to suggest we are a society of cheaters

WHEN I WAS a youngster, I used to daydream about being up to bat with two out in the bottom of the ninth, the bases loaded, and my team down four to one. And then, a pitch would come in far over the plate, and I'd whack it out of the park to win the game. Of course, what I was really doing was daydreaming about being Mickey Vernon, because he always seemed to do that. Or at least that's the image most of us had of the Yankee duffer. For those of us growing up in the fifties, Mickey was the all-American kid—blond, blue-eyed, handsome, and the player who always came through in the clutch. We all whispered about the other Mickey stories too—that he loved to party well into the night, that he had women in every city. Our fathers said it couldn't be true; our mothers said if it was true, it was bad. We all agreed, because it just added to the mystique. Mickey was everything—everything except a baseball cheat. No one ever accused him of that. If they had, we would have been absolutely devastated.

No such devastation, it seems, over one of the greatest home run hitters of these times, Sammy Sosa, just an accident, it says, just picked up the wrong bat—the one with the cork in it that somehow (and I'm still confused by the physics of all this) gives the batter an illegal advantage. If we believe him, how many other times did he "pick up the wrong bat"—only on those occasions, it didn't happen to expose the fraud, but instead lay on the field while Sosa ran the bases accepting the admission of those who had been waiting for him to blast another home run out of the park. Or are we really to believe that the only true Sosa ever cheated was the time the bat broke?

But hey, why should we pick on Sammy Sosa? Let's face it: he's in pretty good company. Sometimes it feels as though we've become a society of cheaters. Take a look around.

There's Jayson Blair carrying the media

flag, and it turns out the former New York Times national reporter isn't a one-person team; he's got some pretty impressive teammates. Quar the public-sector delegation from Canada could be there soon, although they say they don't believe. This would include a former government house leader from a prominent legislature trying to explain his travel expenses, and the federal privacy commissioner wearing a \$444 dinner receipt—who would have thought the appetite for privacy could be so expensive? Mind you, all these players look pretty nice compared to the big business entity—those creative accountants from Enron and WorldCom. Who's next? A U.S. president and a British prime minister manipulating intelligence data to start a war? Don't be silly. I mean, how likely is that?

It all sounds pretty bleak, but also, perhaps, a bit unfair. The danger is that we overgeneralize and start to paint a lot of people with the same brush. For example, the other day I heard a radio host introduce a discussion on ethics by saying something like, "We all know politicians lie." That's not fair. I've been covering politicians—municipal, provincial and federal—for the past 35 years, and the vast majority come into public office determined to make things better, not for themselves, but for others. While only a few left saying they achieved what they wanted, as in departed after having worked very long hours at considerable personal sacrifice for few dollars and even less thanks. But they played by the rules.

So when we get turned off, as we should, by the Sosas, Blairs and the rest, we should remember that there are still a lot of Michkeys out there too. And it's OK for our kids to daydream about being one, and hitting it out of the park for the greater good.

Jane Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National 7p comment. jm@nationalnews.ca

Passages

DIED Known for both his stage and screen work, **Hume Cronyn** appeared in the films *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946) and *The World According to Garp* (1992) and was nominated for a 1994 Academy Award as best supporting actor for his role in *The Seventh Cross*. Born in London, Ont., Cronyn, 91, also performed at the Stratford Festival with his wife, the late Jessica Tandy, and was awarded the Order of Canada in 1975. He died of prostate cancer at his Fairfield, Conn., home.



WOM Former *Chatelaine* editor and Toronto Star columnist **Doris Anderson** received a lifetime achievement award from the Canadian Journalism Foundation. Anderson, 81, is also known for her active role in supporting women's rights.

SOLD England's Manchester United soccer club sold their star player and captain **David Beckham** to Real Madrid for \$55 million. The midfielder, 28, is expected to earn \$6 million a year with his new club.

DIED Johnny Miles was a Cape Breton grocery delivery boy to 95-cent smokers when he won the Boston Marathon—and shattered world records—in 1926. He was again in 1929 and represented Canada twice in the Olympics. Miles, 97, died in his adopted city of Hamilton.

SENTENCED Haldimand **Ian Campbell**, 38, received a life sentence without parole from a North Carolina jury for strangling his fiancée, Heather Duerksen, 33. The couple moved to the U.S. in 2000 for work.

NAMED The Toronto Raptors announced that Kevin O'Neill, a former assistant coach with the Detroit Pistons and the New York Knicks, has been hired in a two-year deal as the new head coach. O'Neill, 46, is considered a defensive specialist.

DIED Pierre Bourgault, the longtime Quebec separatist who was once president of *Revue l'homme libre* and *l'indépendance nationale*, died in a Montreal hospital of respiratory problems. He was 69.

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The loonie | A bluffer's guide

Our loonie had helped fund and roared for a bit—so that's about the air was getting thinner. But there's no question the Canadian dollar's been sailing as if it's been on steroids, for a few months now. For a while there it was even the world's swiftest currency, which raises a number of questions like

Why the loonie? Well, it's up roughly 18 per cent against the U.S. dollar since January because Canada has something called good fundamentals: steady growth, and governments that don't spend like childlike so much anymore. Also, the whiff of inflation and relatively higher interest rates acting as a lure to foreign investors. Still, the real reason for the skyrocketing loonie is that the mighty U.S. economy has been stagnant for over a year and those with their hands on the economic tiller are looking to shake things up with something other than The Policy of the Strong Dollar.

What's a strong dollar? In Bill Clinton terms (that was when Washington wanted a high-value greenback that would lower the cost of imports, attract foreign investment and cool a sophisticated economy by keeping it in line). Remember the '90s? This has now been replaced by what's being called The Policy of the Soft Dollar.

What's a soft dollar? In George W. Bush terms that's when the U.S. buck is allowed to drift downward, encouraged by cryptic assurances from the secretary of the treasury. This is high-stakes U.S. manufacturing—along with lowered interest rates and huge tax cuts—get the economy rolling again for the 2004 presidential election. In fiscal terms, it's very, well, Canadian. The giveaway: the U.S. added pounds and blue to its new \$20 bill, after all those years calkaling what they called our "Monopoly money."

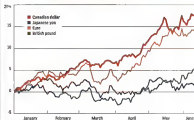
Who gains from this? First, U.S. exporters, who will see bigger profit margins on any thing they sell to Europe and Canada. Also China, the world's fastest-growing market of toys and (sadly, whose markets is pegged to the U.S. buck. Another winner would be those mercantile Brits who just put off adopting the euro-sucking euro for a year (at the least) and can now rely on the plunking-along pound as the way to displace French francs and even with English shillings on America's grocery shelves.

What about Canadian winners? Pro sports teams that pay salaries in American dollars



LEAPFROGGING THE STUMBLING GREENBACK

Per cent change since Jan. 2, 2003, measured against the U.S. dollar



SOURCE: FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK, THE BLOOMBERG

Those who want no victims in Maine, and consumers of imported furniture, appliances, vegetables, California chardonnays and Chinese diamonds. Some say Canadian manufacturers who have been holding off purchasing the latest in U.S.-made machinery. **Losers?** Canadian exporters and shoppers (Canadian Pacific Railway Co. last week announced \$20 job cuts), tractor operators, film producers, stylish oil companies with no reflecting holdings in the U.S., lumber and grain exporters already eating on small margins, and Omani consumers hoping for new car plants. Also holding the short stick: pesantik Europeans who see their buying power go up but their con-

servative position in the American market going down.

What's the downside? Deflation, namely The possibility of a sustained collapse in the value of things as consumers decide to wait for "tomorrow's" bargains. Also, profit and portfolio shocks if, as expected, the U.S. central bank continues to cut interest rates and our poor little loonie bobs up and down like the double-decker on a fishing line.

How high can the loonie reach? Economists are predicting a US\$77 cent by the end of the year. The last time the Canadian dollar was worth more than the U.S. buck was November 1998. Our golden-loonie wasn't even around at that point.

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For Outstanding Community Leadership (see page 55)

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For Outstanding Community Leadership



Canada Trust

Introducing the recipients of this year's TD Canada Trust Scholarships For Outstanding Community Leadership



Shahnoor Ansari
Ontario

After the murder of a close friend, Shahnoor was motivated to create an anti-violence theatre program. He is active

in Regent Park Focus, a community coalition against violence and substance abuse, and in 4 Utiary, a Parkdale community mentorship program. Shahnoor is also Student Council President, is working on the formation of a province-wide SuperCamp for at-risk fundraising efforts and is active in track, basketball and martial arts. Shahnoor hopes to become a psychiatrist and establish a community practice.



Janet Chow
Ontario

Janet has dedicated herself to children's rights, education and youth leadership issues. Since 1998, she has been involved

in Kids Can Free the Children (KCFWC), most recently as organizer of the International Summer Conference. As Director of the Toronto chapter, she organized city-wide events including a Freddie Mercury Benefit Concert and a Peace Quiz Project. In addition to KCFWC, she reshaped and coordinated a reading program at a local elementary school, and initiated and organized the first model United Nations conference at her school. Janet has also been active in youth orchestra, Student Council and the Toronto District School Board Student Council, and recently graduated from an enriched visual arts program.

Janet plans to pursue a career in international human rights law.



Cecilia Chan
Ontario

Wanting to offer disadvantaged children an experience she never had as a child, Cecilia designed the Rochester Brights

Adventure Program, a day camp for 35 children, obtained United Way funding, and ran the program. As a result of this successful initiative, she was invited to sit on the United Way's Youth Action Panel to review future grant proposals. Cecilia also participates in the city's Youth United Crime Prevention Program, and is active in her school's athletic association, volleyball team, yearbook, Student Council and KEY club. She contributes to her local community as a sang leader at church, a volunteer at a children's hospital and a reading coach in a literacy program.

Cecilia hopes to pursue a career in medicine.



Ana Anora
Manitoba

Ana has built caring connections to people in many contexts. He provided leadership in creating a local training and employment project. Every weekend for over two years he has volunteered with the Main Street Project preparing and delivering meals for over 70 people. He is a spokesperson, fundraiser and volunteer with the Learning Disabilities Association of Manitoba. Founder of a Reading and Writing project which advises individuals, communities and cultural associations on how to initiate self-governed ESL clubs. Ana has also started food drives, organized free music clinics for low-income children, and is a published poet.

Ana plans to pursue a career in medicine.



Kyle Darroch
Alberta

Faced with reduced funding to guidance services in his school, Kyle started Callie Talk, a peer support group in his school.

He is also active as the team representative in his community with Jasper Family and Community Outreach Services and Community Support Services. His work with community groups made him aware of local concerns over the dangers of teen birth parties, and led Kyle to establish the Party Prevention/Safety Committee to link Jasper youth and the RCMP. Kyle is President of his Student Council, plays volleyball, and is very active in the environmental movement in his community. Kyle hopes to pursue a career in business.



William Durocher
Ontario

Saddened by teen suicides and the drug and alcohol abuse he witnessed in his struggling community, Bill moved to empower young people through karate. A brown belt, recently ranked second in international competition, he volunteers as an instructor and the Youth Co-ordinator of his local dojo, and has expanded junior class enrolment from less than 25 to 75. Active outside of karate as well, Bill established Computers for Kids, a program that provides donated, refurbished computers, free of charge, to children and families who cannot afford one. At school, Bill founded a debate club and a calculus study group; he is also active in Student Council and the Alcohol and Drug Awareness Committee.

Bill plans to pursue a career in engineering.



Meredith Griffiths Quebec

Recognizing the need for peer support, leadership opportunities and social activities for the youth of her small

community, Meredith proposed and developed a range of youth programs at Family 716, a local non-profit community support organization. She initially established a youth council. Subsequent programs included a Reading Circle for grades 2 to 5, the Active Living Group, providing physical activities for grades 4 to 6, Teen Tech, offering social and sports activities organized by the Youth Council for grades 7 to 11, and the BuddyBunch Program, pairing elementary school students with secondary school students. Meredith is a class volunteer who leads her considerable energy to intramural sports, the youthbook and graduation committees, and her local church.

Meredith hopes to pursue a career in public relations.



Craig Loder Newfoundland and Labrador

Living in rural Newfoundland, Craig recognized the lack of organized recreational sports activities, and

decided to solve the problem. He organized a committee to put the community back into operation, and mobilized another group of teens to paint over the graffiti marred the walls of the local basketball court. Craig has organized recreational floor hockey and basketball for both young people and adults. He is a founding member of the school band and is active in basketball, volleyball, table tennis, badminton, cross-country running, tennis and peer tutoring. He is an active member of his church, plays three instruments and teaches music to children. Craig also volunteers in a local breakfast program.

Craig plans to pursue a career in sports education.



Audrey Langlois Quebec

Audrey co-founded Mentore, a humanitarian group, to aid community groups in need. Under her leadership, the group

has conducted a food drive, a clothing drive, AIDS awareness work, and fundraising for Afghanistan and UNICEF. Audrey also co-founded a group to teach students about the political process, and to increase the participation rate of students in elections. She is also active in Student Council, with Amnesty International, and has served as a peer helper and a volunteer with seniors.

Audrey hopes to pursue a career teaching French as a second language.



Marie-Line Leblanc Quebec

Motivated by the scarcity of activities for young people in her small community, Marie-Line became involved in her local

youth centre. As president of the youth council, she initiated a number of programs, including a homework club, a place to research employment opportunities, and a range of teen events in both secondary school and College. Marie-Line has been active in promoting art and culture through art clubs, dance, and the recognition and co-ordinating of the student code club.

Marie-Line hopes to pursue a career teaching art history.



James Montgomery Alberta

After helping his grandmother learn to use a new computer, James wondered if there were other seniors in his community who needed similar help. He subsequently initiated Project Senior Computer, a program providing computer training to seniors. Fostering alliances with the Westwood

Seniors' Centre and the Westwood Community Literacy Program allowed James and several other tutors to help 75 seniors become computer literate. The program continues to grow. James also serves as a volunteer instructor for the Canadian Association for Disabled Skiing. He is active in Student Council, cross-country training, track and field, cheer and piano.

James plans to pursue a career in medical research or international business.



Nita Gurun Newfoundland and Labrador

Inspired by the joy her own sisters showed when she taught them to skate, Nita initiated the integration of

special-needs children into her local Can-Skate program. A five-time provincial figure-skating champion, Nita spends hours every week as a volunteer teacher and coach with community children. She is editor of her school's newspaper, is a member of the Student Council executive, plays piano, flute and violin, and is active in the drama club and the recycling program. She is also a recipient of a Governor General's Award and a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Medal.

Nita plans to pursue a career in medicine.



Danika Overmars British Columbia

Moved by the attitude of a drug-addicted friend, Danika initiated a city-wide program of workshops, raising aware students

to lead sessions on the prevention of drug abuse for grade 7 and 8 students. Danika was selected as a participant in the Heart and Stroke Foundation's Summer Research Program, and continues to volunteer for Heart and Stroke as well as the Canadian Cancer Society. She is also active in Student Council, Fine Arts Council, Music Council, drama club, choir, soccer and dance.

Danika hopes to pursue a career in medicine.



Lisa Perry Ontario

Lisa has taken fundraising for the Canadian Cancer Society to a whole new level among

young people in Stok. She has expanded her school's participation in the Relay For Life Run from a handful to one-third of the school, and has gone on to challenge other high schools to meet their fundraising efforts. Inspired by her experiences with the Cancer Club, she initiated a Junior Cancer Gala for all high school students in the city. Lisa holds a black belt in karate, trains volunteers with the elderly and Habitat for Humanity, and plays badminton.

Lisa is planning to pursue a career in the medical field.



Leyla Suleiman Ontario

Conscious of the need to build and support the self-esteem of children in low-income neighbourhoods in

order to break the cycle of poverty, Leyla set out to share the wonders of Shakespeare and Bach with local children. She set up Drama 4 Kids, a Sunday morning program to introduce children to dance, drama and literature. The program proved very popular, and has expanded to serve 45 children each week. In school, Leyla is the director of the multicultural club, and has helped local elementary schools establish their own multicultural clubs and events. Leyla also volunteers for INFACT, a non-profit group that promotes maternal and infant health through breastfeeding. Leyla hopes to pursue a career in medicine.



Jason Shroder Henry Ontario

Jason founded the St. Michael's College Black Youth Group to promote ethnic

diversity within the school, and to encourage the positive contribution of Black youth within the wider community. He has organized members of the group to become mentors and tutors to students at a local elementary school. Jason was also responsible for the first African Heritage Month presentation at St. Michael's, subsequently giving the presentation at local elementary schools. Jason coordinated the Outdoor Education Program for incoming students, serves as a hospital volunteer and peer tutor, and first cross-country and track.

Jason plans to pursue a career in medicine.



Reesa Simmonds Manitoba

Reesa first shared her love of the piano with her own cousins, inspired with the impact of these music lessons, she created

Grace Notes, a program of music lessons for underprivileged children. Reesa recruited her peers as teachers, assigned each to an elementary school, and obtained donations of music books and rental keyboards. She sees the benefits of the program to both the elementary school students and the teen teachers. Reesa has been a jet therapy volunteer in a nursing home for ten years, she writes articles for the Winnipeg Free Press, volunteers as a nurse, and is active in track, soccer, Student Council and the Clean Air Council. Reesa is considering a career in medicine.



Sunny Uppal Ontario

After witnessing the hardships of children on a trip to India, Sunny developed a habit in the need to empower young

people. He co-founded Student Leadership at Middle Island, an orientation and

leadership conference for grade 9 students. The conference is now established as a successful annual event involving over 300 young members from his community. Sunny is co-president of the Student Council, and is active with Kids Can Fly, The Children, Kids Help Phone, youthbook, newspaper, and the South Asia youth committee. He also volunteers at a hospital, a seniors' residence and an art gallery.

Sunny hopes to pursue a career in medicine.



Debbie Yam Ontario

Motivated by the need to tell the story of her own family's experiences, Debbie wrote a book and a play about the Chinese

Head Tin and the Chinese Exclusion Act. Together with the cast she researched and coached, she has performed the play in schools across Toronto. Debbie is also active in the campaign for access of the Head Tin. She is currently a member of the Youth Council of Chinese Canadians. Debbie volunteers at a hospital, is a library program, and for Meals on Wheels. She is active in science fairs, tennis, basketball, badminton, violin and piano, and is president of her school's music council.

Debbie plans to pursue a career in medicine.



Jodie Waalderbos Nova Scotia

Volunteering her time to her own grandparents and neighbours seniors, Jodie started an "Adopt a Grandparent"

program, taking children in her Sunday school classes to visit seniors in a local nursing home. Jodie is also a long-time member of 4-H, and has been involved at the local, regional and provincial levels, gaining recognition as a leader in her rural community. In school, she is active as president of the peer-counselling program and as president of Junior Achievement. She is also an active participant in the operation of the family farm.

Jodie plans to pursue a career in education.

2003 Award of Merit Recipients

In addition to scholarships, TD Canada Trust is pleased to present an Award of Merit to 47 young Canadians in recognition of their community leadership. These inspirational students were selected as finalists from over 3,300 applicants.

Do you know a young Canadian who's made a difference in your community?

TD Canada Trust Scholarships For Outstanding Community Leadership are awarded to eligible Canadian students who are in their final year of high school or Cégep, have the academic skills necessary to successfully enter and complete college or university and have demonstrated outstanding community leadership.

Applications are available at any TD Canada Trust branch, high school or Cégep. Fully completed and signed applications must be accompanied by a transcript of academic record, an essay written by the applicant (up to 500 words) describing their contribution to the community, three letters of support or confirmation of community involvement verifying the content of the essay, and a letter of recommendation from the applicant's school.

Completed applications should be sent to:

Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada
Ref: TD Canada Trust Scholarships For Outstanding Community Leadership
600-350 Albert Street
Ottawa, Ontario
K1R 1B1

For more information about scholarships,
call 1-800-308-8306, send a fax to (613) 563-9745
or visit www.tdcanadatrust.com/scholarship

How winners are selected

Scholarships are awarded based on the recommendation of a panel of distinguished judges who have all made significant contributions to Canada and their communities. Each applicant is reviewed and finalists who appear to meet the selection criteria most closely are chosen from five regions (Atlantic Canada, Quebec, Ontario, Western Canada/Northwest Territories/Nunavut and British Columbia/Yukon). Up to 80 finalists will be interviewed by regional selection panels comprised of prominent community members.

A total of up to 20 scholarships will be awarded across Canada. Each region will have a minimum of two full scholarship recipients, provided there are suitable, qualified applicants.

Don't delay. The application deadline is October 31, 2003.

They've given so much. We'd like to give them something in return.



Announcing this year's winners of the TD Canada Trust Scholarships For Outstanding Community Leadership.

From the community centre to Parliament Hill, 20 Canadians worked to make a difference in the lives of their peers, the elderly, the underprivileged and the homeless. And they did so while still in high school.

Now TD Canada Trust is going to make a big difference in their lives. For their outstanding contributions, each winner has been awarded a TD Canada Trust Scholarship worth up to \$50,000. This total includes full tuition at a Canadian

University or College, \$3,500 a year for living expenses, plus an offer of summer employment at TD Canada Trust for up to four years.

Join us in applauding the extraordinary examples set by these students. And encourage them to continue mentoring, coaching, and lobbying as they carry on with their education and career.

To learn more about the accomplishments of these exceptional students and the TD Canada Trust Scholarships, visit www.tdcanadatrust.com/scholarship.



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2003 HAYLEY WICKENHEISER GILLES LEPAGE VINAY DEY MARGARET-ANN ARMOUR HONOUR ANDREW PRINGLE JOE ROBERTS EDNA STAEBLER SONIA LUPIEN AUSTIN CLARKE ROLL CHANTAL KREVIAZUK

TEN CANADIANS WHO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

EVER SINCE Diane Dupuy, the founder of a puppet theatre company for the mentally challenged, and wheelchair athlete Rick Hansen, who has raised millions for spinal cord research, anchored the first Maclean's Honour Roll in 1986, the annual list has always included Canadians who give back to the community. This year, award winners from politicians and other parades that we are becoming even more self-absorbed—and less concerned about the world beyond our houses and offices—the Honour Roll of Canadians who make a difference demonstrates the exception rather than the rule. Ju-jitsu artist Chantal Kreviazuk, who gives much of her time to charitable persons, puts it: "It comes

down to companions for human beings."

In Toronto, Andrew Pringle has traded his six-figure Bay Street salary for none at all as he tries to make a difference to those who are afflicted with AIDS. Superstar hockey player Hayley Wickenheiser, in her support for other female players, clearly realizes there is more to life than the minutes. "It's always about you, you, you," that surrounds all celebrities. Young women are also the major focus for Margaret-Ann Armour, who for years has worked tirelessly in Edmonton to spark their interest in academics. Meanwhile, across the country in northern New Brunswick, co-CEO Gilles Lepage has learned there are valuable lessons to go beyond the bottom line.

Despite her recent stroke, writer Edna Stueblier, who has nothing to prove, continues to help young writers prove themselves. Former addict Joe Roberts, who had a lot to prove, tries to spare others the toxic descent to success. For his part, Vinay Dey has been comforting others since the day he got off a plane from India. And for medical researcher Sonia Lupien, her professional life is driven by the chance to understand others. Author Austin Clarke has spent a lifetime struggling to become accepted in what he calls "the best place in the world." Yes, Clarke has always made time to help and support other writers in their struggles. Examples of the generosity that animates members of the Honour Roll. (MAGLEANS.COM)



Hayley Wickenheiser at Father David Bauer Arena, Calgary

HAYLEY WICKENHEISER

'I was mesmerized by this girl who loved hockey more than any child I'd ever met'

DRESSED IN a black pinstriped jumpsuit, her hair neatly styled, Hayley Wickenheiser looks more like a corporate executive than what she candidly boasted to be—the world's best female hockey player. Wickenheiser, 24, is speaking to a Women at Canada for Leadership, part of a Calgary-based initiative that promotes women's hockey. She recalls the "most exciting day of my life"—her MVP performance at Team Canada's gold medal win over the U.S. at last year's Winter Olympics. Wickenheiser also talks about the four months she spent in Finland last winter, where she became the first woman in the world to score a goal while playing on a men's professional hockey team. In Finland, she befriended five-year-old Mattias, who showed up, hockey stick in hand, for all of Wickenheiser's practices and games. "I was mesmerized by this girl who loved hockey more than any child I'd ever met," she says. "She was so passionate about the game."

Wickenheiser shouldn't have been surprised: what she saw was a reflection of her younger self. When she was seven, she, she got her first pair of skates at age two. By five, she was playing organized hockey, usually as the only girl on boys' teams. On Saturday nights, she'd faithfully watch Hockey Night in Canada, especially if it involved the powerhouse Edmonton Oilers led by her idols, Wayne Gretzky and Mark Messier. Between periods and after the game, she'd be out on the backyard rink, imitating their moves.

As a child, Wickenheiser excelled at several sports: she played on Canada's women's soccer team at the 2000 Summer Olympics in Sydney. But hockey was her passion—even if it sometimes seemed like an unrequited love. As the lone female on boys'

teams, she had to deal with occasional verbal abuse from rival hockey parents. "I still remember one mom fire," says Wickenheiser. "She told me, 'You don't belong here. You should do something else.'"

In 1990, Wickenheiser's parents, both teachers, moved the family to Calgary. She began to play in girls' leagues, rose up the ranks quickly and, at age 15, joined Canada's national team. Nicknamed "High Clear Hayley" because of her youth, she played on three world championship teams.

Wickenheiser's decision to play in Finland brought more celebrity. Some 35 reporters showed up for her first game to see if the five-foot, nine-inch, 170-pound forward could stand up to the full contact men's game. She did, earning two goals and 10 assists over 23 games, and was even considered an offer to return this fall. For all the hoopla, Wickenheiser insists it's not about breaking down gender barriers. The objective, she says, is to have her skills before joining Canada's national team and competing. "I just see myself as a hockey player," she says, "trying to play at the highest level I can."

Off the ice, Wickenheiser has taken on a whole new challenge as the adoptive mother of Noah, 3, the son of her live-in boyfriend, Tomas Petrus, a hockey coach. These days life is a balancing act between hockey and motherhood. Not that she's complaining. "As an elite athlete, you really do get caught up in yourself," she says. "It's always about you, you, you. And suddenly, there's this little boy I still enjoy my risk taker, but I also can't wait to come home and be with him." **DIANE BERGMAN**

AUSTIN CLARKE

'I feel that my feet are planted here in this landscape'

IT TAKES AUSTIN Clarke an impressively long time to do a little shopping for plants and olive oil (Toronto's Kensington Market). Partly it's the newly famous novelist's eye for detail on food preparation, after a discussion with one of his keepers, Clarke discusses the fine ground corn meal as too "sweezy" for proper Barbadian cooking. But mostly it's the people he meets who slow Clarke's progress—a good dozen he actually knows, each of whom receives a friendly greeting and a sincere hug, and five virulently gushing strangers. "This is what you dream of when you start writing, I suppose," muses the author after one encounter, "but it's still strange."

Clarke, 68, has had periods of fame before, most notably in the 1970s as a passionate, often angry, dissident of black writing that lives in their black white Toronto, but nothing to match the lightning flash that has now illuminated him since last fall. In November, Clarke captured the \$25,000 Giller Prize for *The Political Now*, his next novel and crowning jewel. Since then, Clarke's powerful narrative of a woman on a Caribbean island who makes a confession that links her life story with the tragic history of the African experience in the New World, has gone on to share Ontario's Trillium award with Nino Ricci's *Torment* (each author received \$20,000) and win the \$22,000 Commonwealth Writers Prize.

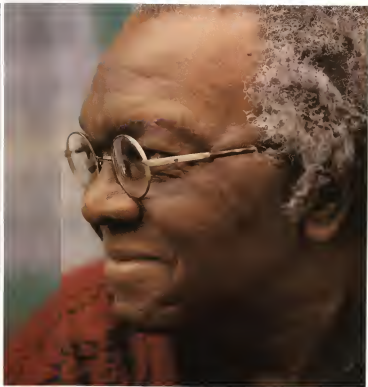
"I feel that my feet are planted here in this landscape," Clarke declared the night of his Giller victory, adding, he now says, to the end of a half century of mental ambivalence between him and his adopted country. Born in Barbados, the son of a teenage mother, Clarke came to Canada

at 19. He brought with him little more than a talent for storytelling and a keen sense of work ethic, which he applied to an array of jobs—postman, night watchman, university groundskeeper, copywriter, reporter and more. But Clarke had no intention of becoming a writer, not, that is, until a period of unemployment in 1962 spurred him to toss off his short stories in two weeks—one of which, "Losing It in Island Plays," he says "has made me more money than any of my novels." In 1963, Clarke took a writing full time, and stayed at home where he raised the two daughters he had with his wife, Mary, a nurse (they're now divorced).

Even today, Clarke works eight hours daily and "through the night at home twice a week," he says, whenever he feels he's been slack ing off. This is a peculiar problem every spring when the word tennis fan is tempted by major European championships. "I worry" he says, only half joking, "that I'm the only able-bodied man in Canada lying in bed watching the French Open."

Relaxing over dinner, Clarke talks of his long battle for recognition. "I would never see myself cited as a Canadian writer," he says. After 50 years of uncertainty, he made his commitment, becoming a citizen in 1985. And with the Giller, Clarke was able to feel that his love for Canada—"the best place in the world to live"—was fully reciprocated. It was one of the best moments in the life of Austin Clarke, Canadian novelist. "I feel now I'm an acknowledged member of a beautiful renaissance—there's such freedom in our writing, such a feeling that we can do anything—at a time when there is great pride in being able to say, 'I'm a Canadian writer!'"

DAVID BEVILL



Austin Clarke outside his Toronto home

CHANTALKREVIAZUK

"If there's ever an opportunity for me to allow another thing, another soul, to have more dignity, then I would like very much to be a part of that"

NUDITY WAS the order of the evening at the Metro Toronto Convention Center, as the cavernous space hosted a high-rolling, Las Vegas-style party. Gymnastics go go boys graced while scanty women wearing little more than tassels drifted through the crowd. By the time the fashion show began, the heat had whored full tilt sensory overload. But when Canadian pop chanteuse Chantal Kreviazuk took the stage, the audience sucked in its breath. She was queen of the scene. And she commanded attention with just a piano and her voice.

The 38-year-old musician doesn't usually perform such onco atmospheres, but the music an exception that May evening for Fashion Cares, the flamboyant annual benefit for the AIDS Committee of Toronto. This year the charity raised \$400,000 for victims and education about the disease—goodwill work in the world Kreviazuk's benevolent world. Unabashedly compassionate, she is known equally for emotional hits like *Before Now* and her good deeds. "I'm not trying to take on the whole planet," says the two-time Grammy winner, "but if there's ever an opportunity for me to allow another thing, another soul, to have more dignity, then I would like very much to be a part of that. That's essentially what I'm about."

Among her charities the coasts Zoocheck Canada, which monitors the health of animals living in captivity; the Canadian Women's Foundation, dedicated to bringing about equality for Canadian females; and War Child Canada, a non-profit organization that aids children living in war zones. The latter sent Kreviazuk and her husband, Raine Maida (of Canadian rockers Our Lady Peace), to Iraq in January 2001

to film a documentary about the 10th anniversary of the first Gulf War. For Kreviazuk, it was a seminal experience. The halfway in her downtown Toronto loft is decorated with photographs she took during the trip, candid shots that capture the platoon scenes of girls on the streets of Karbala. "I felt quite moved when Iraq was invaded this year," she says. "Once you have a sense of a particular region and it becomes involved in a war, it doesn't hit home for you a little more."

The Winnipeg native now splits her time between homes in Toronto and Los Angeles, but she's always been a traveler. Her experiences have been mixed. In 1994, when she was an arts studies major at the University of Manitoba, Kreviazuk took a summer trip to Italy. She calked her hand on with a motorcycle while driving a moped, breaking her toe and leg, and spent a month convalescing in a Florence hospital. She says that the time in bed—a "depressing, frightening" period in which she learned the Italian language for "painkillers"—allowed her to reconnect on her life, and to discover that she wanted to be a professional musician. Although classically trained on the piano from early childhood, the career didn't gel for her until after the accident—in what she calls an "emphirical" moment.

Now a success, she's devoted to helping others overcome their difficulties. Whether it's by performing for a cancer fundraiser or publicizing environmental issues, she wants to make the world a better place. "Maybe I was really meant to be a music therapist, or volunteer worker, or teacher, or writer," Kreviazuk says. "Maybe I wasn't meant to have so much limelight. For me it's much more about the human condition." **ANDREW DUNN**



Chantal Kreviazuk
outside her home,
Toronto

ANDREW PRINGLE

"You set yourself a personal target—and you've got to run hard to do it"

WHEN ANDREW PRINGLE was a university grad—and a young idealist—he set out a game plan. First, make lots of money. Then, at age 40, enter politics. But when he was 40, he hadn't socked away quite enough cash, at 45, he was too distracted by his work. When his 50th birthday rolled around, after almost 30 years in the investment business, he'd achieved Part One and knew it was time for Part Two. Giving back to the community was still the goal, but instead of politics—he'd lost interest and besides, "who'd elect a short, fat businessman?"—the Toronto cause headed to the not-for-profit sector. Last year, Pringle, 53, who's not really fat but whose suspenders aren't just a statement of the world he left behind, took on the unpaid, full-time job of president of the Canadian Foundation for AIDS Research.

There's something Peter Panish about Pringle—it could be the classicist taste or ruffled, wavy hair, or his tendency to say, "I might be naive." He's a man who finds the fun in work, and describes the bohemian world of the trading floor, where he rolled to prestigious heights, as his boy's game: much like strategy hockey. No, there's nothing childish about his new work.

The foundation, established in 1987, gave away \$1.6 million in 2002 for HIV/AIDS research (Pringle's target is \$5 million). When he joined CFAIR, he expected it would take two years to achieve that goal. "I might be naive," he says now, "but it could be fine." His overall ambition—and he's passionate about it—is to establish a broad awareness among Canadians of the devastation of this disease. "AIDS is one of the biggest killers in the world," he states. "And yet people care less about it. SARS, mad cow and West

Nile have pushed AIDS to the background."

A father of two boys and a girl and husband of broadcaster Valerie, Pringle, he's always had multiple interests. Pringle plays hockey—badly, he says. He collects wine and hoots about explorers. As chairman of the board, he's actively involved with his high school alma mater, Upper Canada College. Once a year, he and Valerie take 10 days for a five-day trip. This summer, for the first time, their young adult children, will join them on a tour from Lugano to Venice. "We'll either come back finally united as," he jokes, "come back separately."

The career shift has not been easy, so acknowledges Pringle, sitting in his cluttered office. He's behind a big, old desk dominated by a big, old, cut-off computer. It's far cry from his former digs at BDC Dominion Securities Inc., where he rose through the ranks from a summer job delivering mail to the very senior post of running the firm's global bond-trading division. There, his "office" was the vast but rarely populated trading floor, equipped with the most sophisticated, state-of-the-art electronics.

Adjusting to his "new" old equipment and cramped space is the easy part. Tougher, he says, is adapting to a different way of measuring his work. While the stakes on a trading floor are high and the hectic intensity, a trader knows daily if it's ahead or behind. These days, after toiling a 60-hour week, Pringle says the reward is often intangible. "I want to be as successful as I was in the investment business," the now older idealist says. "It's good to be tested again. You set yourself a personal target—and you've got to run hard to do it." **KATHERINE MADOLEM**



Andrew Pringle in his home, Toronto



SONIA LAPIEN

"I was born to do this. I never had a doubt."

ON THE SPRAWLING lawn of Montreal's Douglas Hospital, an elderly patient is feeding birds, declaiming loudly to an invisible audience: "These are stressors, not stressors. They are not stress, just hungry!" The Douglas is a psychiatric hospital affiliated with McGill University. Sonia Lupien works and teaches there.

A Ph.D. in neuroscience from the Université de Montréal, followed by three-year post-docs at the University of California (San Diego) and New York's Rockefeller University has landed her only a sparsely furnished tiny office, but vast freedom to launch cutting-edge research into how the human brain works. There are just 300, maybe even fewer, other such specialists in the world—able to meet Lupien at eye level when discussing the effect of stress hormones on the hippocampus, the region of the brain that involves memory.

After her studies, Lupien, 37, a fluently bilingual francophone, was a prize brain-donor candidate. Instead, she married happily. "I was born in the Laurentians, so I guess I need the water and the trees to be happy," Lupien named down a prestigious job offer in New York City; the job interview, she says, made the job "feel like an interview company." Lupien adds: "We have much more creative freedom here. New York was powerfully attractive when I was single, but I would not have been happy raising a family there." Happiness for her a life with two pre-schoolers and her husband, a network communications specialist. And her research lab: "I was born to do this. I never had a doubt."

In the rarified circles of research on how hormones can affect the brain and influence our behavior, health and happiness—

that's psycho-neuro-endocrinology—Lupien is a star. She has established clinically to international acclaim what many of us know intuitively: stress can make us sick. Stressed people develop a hormone called cortisol. And Lupien discovered that cortisol is also linked to memory loss.

Occasionally, Lupien is studying the impact of stress on the human body and mind. "That's what brings in the subsidies," she chuckles. This research could lead to a drug that might delay the symptoms of Alzheimer's—and, no doubt, to fame and glory for its discoverer. But what drives Lupien is way more substantive: "We know that stress can damage memory," she says. "But we also found that poor kids show a higher level of cortisol than rich kids. So, are the poor kids of today the demented children of tomorrow?"

Her genius does not stop there. Probing the impact of stress hormones on memory, Lupien takes the leap to wondering about the effect of thoughts and emotions on our health. Such speculation is beyond scientific experiments and closer to the realm of poets and grandmothers. "Stress is subjective," she explains. "Stressful to me can be stimulating for someone else. But since stress can damage the brain, it follows that if I could alter my thinking and attitude, I should improve my health."

She stops there, turns out laughing, and says: "I must be careful—saying things like that is a very income inequality circle." Colleagues already call her a "New Age guru." But she says research must step back from hyper-specialization and adopt a broader view. "We don't know how life works, do we?"

RENEE ALBIN

Sonia Lupien on the grounds of the Douglas Hospital, Montreal



VINAYDEY

'People come and ask for help—and I don't know how to say no'

SHORTLY AFTER the Sept. 11 attacks at home, Vinay Day was standing outside Calgary's Indo-Canadian Centre when a stranger shouted at him, "Hey you, go back home! You're nothing but trouble for us!" Day, who immigrated to Canada from his native India in 1971, was upset, but not surprised, by the outburst. "It doesn't matter who you are," says the soft-spoken 49-year-old accountant. "They see the colour of your skin and the hate just comes out."

The anonymous bigot could hardly have found a less deserving target. Literally since he stepped off the plane in Victoria 32 years ago, Day has been helping others, a Canada Customs officer, noting Day's facility in English, asked if he would delay his connecting flight to Vancouver to act as an interpreter for several fellow immigrants. Day obliged. In the intervening years, he has immersed himself in community service, acting in an executive capacity with a host of cultural organizations, including the Indo Canada Association Calgary, the National Visible Minority Council and Calgary's School for East Indian Languages and Performing Arts. Day, who has lived in Calgary since 1985, is also active in several charitable groups, among them the Canadian Cancer Society and the United Way. As he sits in the living room of his modest bungalow, pouring his visitor a cup of chutney, Day talks about what motivates him. "People come and ask for help," he says, "and I don't know how to say no."

Day is a founding member of the Indo cultural Council of Calgary, made up of some 14 ethnic groups, which came together in the fall of 2000. Already in the weeks prior to Sept. 11, Day says the group had

come even more relevant because of the increased scrutiny visible minorities in North America endured following the tragedy. The council has been vocal in its opposition to recent federal anti-terrorism legislation, which it says unfairly targets immigrants and encourages racial profiling. The council also reflects two of Day's key passions—promoting co-operation among ethnic groups and helping the wider society understand the mindless nature of racism. "Unhappily, racism is a human instinct," he says. "It's built into people and, one way or another, it will come out."

Day's personal brushes with racism convince him that Canada is not as tolerant a society as many might imagine. Because of his public profile, Day says, he has received threatening letters, including one that warned him to leave the country or else let his home burn to the ground, with his daughter Sagar, now 26, and son Arun, 22, trapped inside. "That's hard to deal with," he says.

Against this backdrop, Day and his wife, Norval, who died of cancer at age 59 in 2004, continued to reach out and comfort others. For years, the couple took new immigrants to their home, feeding and sheltering them until they could find a place of their own. Now, after 32 years working for Canadian Pacific Railway, Day is starting to think about retirement projects. Among them: raising money to build and operate a stand-alone transition home for people arriving in Canada that would give them a measure of independence until they are settled. "I'll have no problem finding things to do," assures Day. "I cannot just sit around at home. That's not me." —JAMES HODGKINSON

Vinay Day at the Indo Canadian Centre, Calgary

MARGARET-ANN ARMOUR

"The young ones are so completely open and honest, it's a treat to see"

MARGARET-ANN Armour has just shown the Grade 5 students at Edmonson's Glenora School how to mix two compounds to create nylon, how to dissolve a Styrofoam cup using oil squeezed from an orange peel, and how to make dry ice (fun up real good "You cannot see chemists have fun, right?" says the 65-year-old University of Alberta academic in a lilting voice that still bears witness to her Scottish upbringing. "And guess what? We can even create the light that fireflies make." Armour mixes together two chemical solutions, adds for the greenhouse lights to be dimmed and, voilà, what looks like fitting bugs light up the beaker in her hand. The students are clapping, cheering, screaming. Armour is a hit.

Just another day for one of Canada's premier ambassadors of science. For more than 20 years, Armour has been a driving force behind an initiative known as WISEST—Women in Science, Engineering, Science and Technology. Aimed at encouraging young women to pursue careers in non-traditional fields, WISEST sponsors a six-week summer program that allows more than 60 Grade 11 girls to do hands-on research with U of A faculty members and graduate students. Hundreds of other elementary and high-school girls are brought to the campus for several workshops, while a mentoring program links female undergraduates with established female scientists and engineers. And lest the boys feel left out, Armour runs about 20 schools like Glenora each year to show that science can be exciting and relevant for both genders—science is the course that her favorite outreach effort. "The young ones are so completely open and honest," says Armour. "It's a treat to see."

Progenies like WISEST are having an impact. Women now comprise slightly more than half of all first-year science and engineering students at Canadian universities, up from about 30 per cent two decades ago. But women are still under-represented at the post-graduate level and in high-level positions in academia and industry. One key reason, says Armour, is a lack of role models. Much as she wishes at the raggedon, Armour's co-conspirators. Assistant chair of the U of A chemistry department, she is also an internationally recognized expert in chemical safety and disposal of hazardous wastes. The Glasgow native could have easily enjoyed a lucrative research career in the private sector, except for one catch: "My first love is teaching," she says. "I won't allow anything to take me away from that."

In that, she is following the example of her mother, Nan Asquith (Armour's parents divorced when she was seven). Nan was a teacher who specialized in helping students with mental disabilities. "My mother gave a lot of her time and effort to her teaching," says Armour, who as a young child. "So I became very independent. I didn't really like it at the time but, looking back, I think it proved very valuable."

Mother and daughter remained very close, when Armour came to Edmonton, first to do her Ph.D. and then to settle for good in 1971. Nan followed (she died in 1989 at the age of 91). Meanwhile Armour, who never married, developed her own extended family on campus. "It's a huge privilege to know these quite extraordinary young people," she says. "I care what happens to them, almost as if they were my own children."

BY LISA BOWMAN



Margaret-Ann Armour is a University of Alberta chemist, Edmonton

JOE ROBERTS

"Being a drug addict for 15 years, you learn to become extremely creative"

THE INTERVIEW is strict: over when Joe Roberts points to a picture of an elegant automobile on the office wall of his Coquihale, B.C., house. It's a goal. Roberts runs on goals. Always has. "I want to be the first drug addict/business guy to have a Rolls-Royce," he says. He's not there yet, but don't count him out. When you're 36, and you've tossed 15 years of your life into a dumpster, you've got some catching up to do.

The Roberts of today—Joe the CEO, a suburban husband and dad with the go-get-'em grin—is almost unrecognizable in the pictures from his past. Those photos—pre-July 26, 1991, the day he declared him self clean—show a drug-addled wild man, tall thin and angry. "Raucously," he says, "I was dying."

He grew up in Midland, Ont. His father died of a heart attack when Roberts was eight. A year later he was using drugs, his downward spiral deepened by an abusive stepfather. "The house," he says, "was a Jerry Springer show." By 23, he was homeless in Vancouver, often sleeping under the Georgia Street market near the Downtown Eastside. "I was as bad as anything down there. I was vile. I was corrupt. I was a sick of a person."

His mother, Arlene Quesselle, coaxed him back to Ontario, but alcohol and injection drugs led to a collapse, and a brutal stint in a detox program. "I grieved like crazy for him," his mother says today. "He's my mistake."

It was a long climb back. "I learned how to wash my face and brush my teeth," he says. "I learned how to speak without swearing." He learned the value of a 12-step program. He studied Business at Ontario college, and

moved back to B.C. This time, he got it right.

He got his start selling photocopiers, a lot of them. "He's got the gift of the gab," Quesselle says. "I always knew he'd be a salesman. But I didn't know he was going to sell drugs before he sold something decent." Those days, when the only goal was chasing a high, left some "transferable skills," he concedes. "Being a drug addict for 15 years, figuring out a way how it's going to happen again today the way it happened yesterday, you learn to become extremely creative." Today, he co-owns MinusOne Design Communications, which creates new media information strategies. He points to a CD-ROM for the Canadian Fair Association. "It's ironic, some of the clients I have today."

In the past five years Roberts met and married his wife, Jennifer, becoming a stepfather to her 10-year-old daughter, Sarah. The couple is expecting a child this fall. Roberts put his hard-earned respectability at risk by going public with his recovery. He's written a book, *7 Steps to Profit from Adversity*, and launched a second business in a motivational spin. This spring, B.C.'s Coast Mental Health Foundation gave him its Courage to Come Back Award for overcoming chemical dependency.

Roberts also volunteers to tell his story in area schools. Recently, it was a Grade 11 class in Surrey. The students' typical skepticism and wisecracks faded away as they realized this unlikely business guy has survived this unlikely business. He has survived this day just don't want to see. He likes to think he's steered a few kids from disaster. The mere hope of that is part of what keeps him clean and sober—and driving toward his goals. **KEN MACQUEEN**



Joe Roberts in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside



GILLESLEPAGE

'I don't like to look back. My way is to always look forward.'

WHEN DOES IT become apparent that Gilles Lepage is not your stereotypical CEO? Is it when he reveals that instead of collecting golf balls or playing golf, he likes to book rugs when he needs to drill out? Or is it when he gets behind the wheel of his gleaming silver van and apologizes for the cracks that have been spiderwebbing the windshield for the past year. It could happen as he spins through the Casquet, N.B., headquarters of the Mouvement des citoyens populaires acadiens (MCPA) and, with the intimate knowledge of a village postman, rattles off the names of the passing businesses, schools, churches and hospitals that have experienced his organization's largesse. Or maybe it's when he explains that next year, at 57, he's perhaps going to chuck it all to become a gardenman farmer, harvesting maple syrup and growing blueberries. "I don't like to look back," says Lepage. "My way is to always look forward."

For aough. But after nine years running New Brunswick's string of 34 Acadian universities—or credit unions—a retrospective round of applause is clearly in order. Lepage, a former Avon from Rimouski, Que., went on perhaps to make a career at the MCPA when he started working there in 1989 after a business degree at the Université de Moncton. All the same, once he became CEO in 1994, the MCPA has doubled its workforce (2,000) and asset base (\$1 billion) and more than quadrupled profitability—\$20.5 million in 2002 vs. \$4.5 million nine years ago. Men in heronnet, co-operative-style financial institutions are flying in many parts of Canada, but they're thriving in New Brunswick's Acadian community, where 300,000 people, representing 60 per cent of French-

speaking households, are cause members.

Lepage's secret: a pragmatic strategy that embraces the capitalist ethic of creating shareholder value while nurturing economic and social development for a people ardently lacking both. "We used to have a more positive approach," says Lepage, who has pushed his organization into everything from mutual funds and providing venture capital to administering corporate payrolls. "In a competitive world, we had to be more proactive and find new opportunities."

The spirit: the MCPA's members are able to give back as never before. Four per cent of profits, more than double the rate before Lepage took over, are directly plowed back into the community. The money goes to university scholarships and academic chairs, music festivals, cheese crops, art galleries and hospitals, school and sports programs. A prime example: an annual \$40,000 contribution that makes possible the Acadia Games, held every summer at a different location in the Maritime provinces. Says Lepage: "We must be deeply indebted to our community."

Lepage also points to the thousands of competitively paid jobs within the co-op system itself, which have slowed the exodus of the young and ambitious from the area. Growing bigger and more profitable, he says, also allows co-ops branches to fund more companies, organizations and individuals that the conservative bigger banks would never touch. "Our success," Lepage adds, "makes Acadians realize they can succeed, too." Spoken like a man who knows there are other ways, beyond the bottom line, to measure a businessman's achievements.

JOHN DEMONTE

Gilles Lepage in Casquet, N.B.



EDNA STAEBLER

"I hate it when people are patronizing. I hate it when people treat me as if I were feeble-minded."

EDNA STAEBLER, Canada's internationally acclaimed cookbook author, shows off her well-thumbed wall calendar. Most days' white squares are filled with her notes, indicating appointments or that visitors are expected. It's a schedule that reflects her enormous capacity for making friends—and those remarkably few concessions to her advancing years. She gave up driving only at 93. Now 97, she doesn't hesitate, when pressed, to state what she dislikes most about being that age: "I hate it when people patronizing," she says with such clear-eyed intensity one wonders who would dare. "I hate it when people treat me as if I were feeble-minded."

Staebler is, of course, remarkable for far more than reaching nearly a century with her wit about her (A minor stroke in May has not slowed her physically or mentally.) To her friends and neighbours in the Waterloo, Ont., area where she's lived all her life, she is a local legend, an outspoken advocate for the region whose distinctive culture and cuisine she helped put on the map. Her efforts have earned her a long list of tributes and awards—including the Order of Canada.

In the world of letters, she's distinguished journalist with 21 books and scores of magazine articles to her credit. Though her typewriter sits idle these days, Staebler continues to practice she began as a teen, keeping a daily journal. She remains a generous benefactor to aspiring writers: her philanthropy includes the \$3,000 annual Edna Staebler Award for Creative Non-Fiction. Staebler also is known for providing the encouragement she wishes someone had given her when she was young. Not only were there few opportunities for formal training in

journalism, her family belied her dreams. "My husband used to tell me, 'You're not a writer. Tell you're published!'"

To most Canadians she is best known for *Food That Really Satisfies*, a cookbook that's still as potent 35 years after it was first published and that has spawned 14 sequels. What sets them apart from most other cookbooks are the tales linking the simple, home-grown recipes. It all began in 1950 when Peter Berton, then summer editor at Maclean's, encouraged her to profile the Waterloo area's Pennsylvania Dutch communities, at the time little-known religious sect. She went to live with a nearby farm family and made lifelong friends in the community. Discovering how food cradles Mennonite lives—admittedly in German for "saves really good"—their recipes and stories eventually found their way into Staebler's books.

After graduating from the University of Toronto in 1928, she worked at various jobs, including teaching, but did not launch her writing career until two decades later. She began writing full-time only after her husband of nearly 30 years left her for another woman in 1961 (the couple had no children). While that would have staggered most 35-year-old women, Staebler describes the divorce as the "best thing that ever happened to me." She was now free to write and went on to do more in the so-called sunset years than most people manage in their prime. As part of the divorce settlement, Staebler kept their cottage on Sunfish Lake, struggled into the rolling, wooded countryside northwest of Waterloo. Subsequently watered, it's been her home ever since, the perfect setting for a Canadian original. **BARBARA WICKHAM**

Edna Staebler outside her home in Ontario's Sunfish Lake, October 2002

'Canada Day will be celebrated in the wilderness'

Eight new citizens will embark on a canoe trip on the Canada Bay weekend, organized by Canadian Wilderness Trips. The Toronto-based company advertises the adventure free and packed the eight from letters they sent explaining why they wanted to experience the wilderness. The group will tour Ontario's Algonquin Provincial Park June 29 to July 3. Since none of the applicants have ever done this kind of trip, the company invited them to its headquarters on June 11 to show them the gear they'll use. While trying on life jackets and climbing into tents, three participants talked about the trip, and what it meant to be Canadian.

FARHAT NAKIB, 26, bank employee, born in Pakistan. Canadian since December 2002. What I like the best is the four seasons here. In Pakistan we have only summer and monsoon—rain. So when I call home, I tell them about the seasons. I love wildlife, so I tell them about the birds, and how the songs of the birds tell us that spring is about to come. We have only seen a that in the movies, but we have never actually experienced it. And I tell them about the multicultural aspect of the society here, which we're missing in so many different countries. If I want to have a Pakistani dish, I can find Pakistani restaurants here, right? If I like Italian food,

I can go find an Italian restaurant. No matter which country you are from, a part of your culture will be seen somewhere in Toronto. I've been telling people about this trip since I applied for it. My bank was really excited. They are giving me a T-shirt and a sweatshirt with a logo on it. But I had to fight to get a day off on Monday, because it's the most junior in the department. What I hope to get out of this weekend, number 1, is that I will see the true meaning of life—we are doing everything by some lives. Number 2 is that I will be able to learn canoeing. And we will meet people from other countries and share different experiences.



MANJULIE SHRESTHA, 33 Professional engineer. Born in Nepal. Canadian since February 2004.

I asked to come to Canada thinking that here we would have better opportunities. For people. That is what I did, and I was lucky enough that I was granted permission to live here. A good country, large people are nice. When I have conversations with my friends back home they're always very fascinated, and want to come and join me here. The way here, the Canadian way of life—people are really nice and honest, and there is almost no discrimination. I say it's not what I did, that's what I say when I talk about Canada, and they're always fascinated to hear of that.

I was living in Kathmandu, the capital of the country. It was quite calm and some politics inside. Now there is a political class. People are rising up against the monarchy, the absolute dictator. Nobody can say anything against him, and life is getting more chaotic and corrupt, so I see. We are unsure about what is going to happen tomorrow. So that made me want to leave the country, actually.

I was lucky enough to be selected for this wilderness trip. That is a first to me in my life so far. Canoeing in the lakes, and then to be in the tents, hiking, this and that, that will be very fun. I think the fact that Canada Day will be celebrated in the wilderness, and that is a very good part to see. That is a unique way to celebrate. I wish it to continue, and let new Canadians see another trip like this that will be very good, to know Canada as a whole.

DAVID SIMMONS, 53 Stock trader. Born in the United States. Canadian since April 2003.

I am originally from New York City. I am basically a big-city person and I have never been to Algonquin Park or northern Canada. My wife passed away in April 16, 2002, from liver cancer. The last year has been very difficult and it has been a period of adjustment for my daughter and I. I thought this trip would help me during this difficult period. I think that paddling a canoe through the beautiful lakes and rivers would be inspiring and help me to see there is some beauty in life. I'm looking forward to this adventure.

I find there is a growing difference between Americans and Canadians. I didn't think that way when I first came to Toronto because I

felt it was a very American city—the culture is the same, and language, and we get the same television. But Canadians are more relaxed in their thinking, they're more diverse and I feel more comfortable with that way of thinking. I really enjoy the environment and the friendly neighbours, and I think it's just a wonderful place to live.

I'm excited about meeting other new Canadians, too, because when I went to the citizenship swearing-in ceremony, I found that very moving. The judge gave a speech about what it's like to be a Canadian, and I looked around me and most of the people obviously had a more difficult life than I had, and they really appreciated the opportunity that Canada gave them. You



could really see the glow in their faces about becoming a Canadian. I'd like to speak to some other new Canadians and hear their experiences.

FREEDOM DENIED

When the Taliban fell, women were supposed to get a better deal. It hasn't happened.

Samantha Hutt is a Toronto doctor who over the past eight years has visited and worked in hot spots around the world, including in April 2002 (she and her husband, Dr. Eric Hodasek, wrote about that trip in the May 5 issue of *Maclean's*). Now a executive director of War Child Canada, an international group dedicated to helping children caught up in armed conflicts, she recently visited Afghanistan, and Afghan refugee camps in Pakistan, on behalf of War Child Canada, to launch a women's literacy and technical training project and to examine the situation now facing women in the post-Taliban era. Despite the presence of nearly 17,000 Western troops in Afghanistan and promises of government reform, she found many women still living in fear, whether in the camps or in their homeland, where they are often suppressed by warlords who control much of the country. Her report:

PESHAWAR is a dusty, rundown border town in Pakistan comprised mainly of low-rise buildings and decrepit Afghan refugee camps. The sweltering heat and traffic congestion combine to produce a haze of pollution so thick that by mid-morning it's impossible to see the mountains and the famous Khyber Pass in the distance. During 25 years of war and brutal oppression at the hands of foreign invaders, warlords and the sectarian Taliban regime, millions of Afghan refugees fled across the pass to Pakistan. More than two million have returned to their homeland since the U.S. overthrew the Taliban in 2001, but more than two million, fleeing even greater poverty and political persecution at home, remain stranded in detention.

The refugees are resisting moves to enclose them back to Afghanistan. In recent months, such efforts have included the alleged demolition of at least one camp, public harassment and the threatened closure of refugee schools. Even though almost 17,000 American and European troops are attempting to bring order to Afghanistan,

most of the women I meet in Peshawar are afraid to return. They are too scared by past atrocities to believe suggestions that they would be safe in their war-shattered country. At a meeting of refugee widows held by the Afghan Women's Council, a local non-governmental group, they told evocative stories of tragedy and loss: families killed in war, how they've suffered from hunger and uncertainty for. They are so desperate to remain in Pakistan that Maira, a woman who lost her husband and a son during the war against the Russians in the 1980s, sold her 15-year-old daughter for 10,000 rupees (US\$170) to a person she describes as an "ugly old man with many wives."

As Maira explains that she only sold her daughter to buy food for her remaining six children, other women in the group console her, but with a certain distance—selling a daughter to a man of questionable character is regarded as a heinous act. When Maira is finished, I ask the women when they will go back to Afghanistan, particularly with the promise of freedom they would certainly now enjoy under President Hamid Karzai's government. "We will not go back," one woman insists while the others nod in agreement. "It is not safe."

Later I visit the Herat School for Girls. It's the last day of classes before summer, and the graduates giggle and shyly allow their cheeks to slip off their heads and onto their shoulders. One young woman, Masooda, 19, is less confident than her peers, she is the only student in the class who was in Afghanistan during the Taliban years, fleeing with her family to Pakistan so she could receive an education. Masooda wants to be a human rights lawyer so she can help women in her country, but is concerned about the situation in Kabul. "It is too dangerous," she laments, "and the conditions are not good." As I leave the school, a young girl sips and plays with one of my Canadian colleagues. "Please take me with you," she begs. "There is no future for me here."

We leave the women of Peshawar behind,



In reality, one woman said, "we can never feel free without first feeling secure."

and travel through the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan. In Kabul, we meet Maria Maira, a foreign-educated Afghan woman participating in the drafting of the country's new constitution, which is expected to be adopted by the Loya Jirga, an assembly of tribal leaders, this October after nationwide consultations. She has cropped, dyed hair and is the only woman I meet in Kabul who walks around government offices with her legs exposed to mid-thigh. With the de-

fect of the Taliban, she says, "there was hope and promise for women." But, she adds, "in a practical sense, the only real advancement has been that women don't have to wear the burka. This doesn't translate into actual advancement of their rights."

Even with the large number of foreign troops in Kabul, most women don't feel safe. And those outside the capital must contend with warlords and their militias, who are often as hostile to the Taliban were in warlord-dominated areas such as Herat. 700 km west of Kabul, women are not even allowed to occupy the same office space as

men or to go to public places unescorted—and—a policy that is enforced by flogging. "When women are not allowed to leave the house to go to the doctor even when they are in labour," says Maira, "how can they participate in public consultations surrounding the new constitution?"

Therein lies the paradox: efforts to liberate Afghan women are progressing at a speed too fast for religious conservatives, but far too slow for those who believed that the fall of the Taliban would end oppression. Tajwar Kabir is the deputy minister of women's affairs, and one of only a

handful of women occupying top political positions in Karzai's government. She is an outspoken supporter of women's rights and has received numerous death threats. Kabir is also fiercely critical of the Western media's overly optimistic portrayal of her country since the war. "The views and judgments in the West about Afghan women after the fall of the Taliban were premature and propagandistic," she says. "In reality, women can never be free without first feeling secure."

And how can you feel secure, in a society where reports of kidnappings, rapes, forced

marriages and beatings are widespread? Among young women, such stories take on a life of their own, and are often up to a ritualistic for wearing the burqa, missing school and never travelling unaccompanied by a male. "A young girl walking for ice cream in Kabul was raped by 20 men," a young Afghan woman whispers to me at a social gathering in her aunt's home. "It's better not to go out."

In reality, it's difficult to ascertain the truth behind some of the stories. But since July 2002, the Afghan Independent Human Rights Commission, chaired by Karim's former deputy prime minister Sima Samar, has received 880 complaints, ranging from killings and beatings to live burials, kidnappings and rapes. It is believed the attacks are being carried out by religious extremists unhappy with the government's latest trade toward women, former mosque-donors and, more recently, members of the Northern Alliance, which allied with the U.S. in the Afghan war.

The Karzai government had hoped to broaden its authority outside of Kabul and rebuild the country's shattered infrastructure. But those efforts have been hurt by sporadic attacks staged by remnants of the Taliban, al Qaeda, and Afghan loyal to disgruntled warlords. And although more than \$2 billion in foreign aid has been received, it's well short of the \$8.3 billion to \$12.2 billion the World Bank says is needed to rebuild the country.

Nigel Fisher, a Canadian who was until recently the UN secretary general's special representative in Afghanistan, says progress to increase security across the country has been slow. "Most of the human rights abuses are committed by military commanders under the control of the warlords," Fisher says over lunch at the UN's walled enclave in Kabul. Fisher says the U.S. supplied weapons to some of the warlords in the fight against the Taliban, but, he adds, "now they have to help run their own." "It will be difficult." "There are still deep-rooted suspicions at all levels," explains Fisher. "At one time or another, every group has been responsible for the massacre of another group. To whom do they give their weapons?"

A drive to reduce the number of weapons is underway, and the UN plans to demobilize 100,000 Afghan fighters in exchange for giving up their weapons; they will be enrolled in employment programs, 6,000 have



Parwana's father will not allow schooling



Najeeba has been luckier than most



Khassam hopes for peace, finally

been targeted for this year. But UN officials are moving slowly because there are not enough jobs for the soldiers, and if they are released from the military without work they could end up looting and pillaging among innocent civilians. To help the UN create a more secure environment, Fisher urges "any government that has made commitments to Afghanistan to fulfill them as a hurry."

But as Afghanistan waits for the promises of peace to be fulfilled, women continue to pay the price for decades of oppression. In Tundara, about a one-hour drive from

Kabul, I meet with four Afghan women, all of whom in their own way reflect the attitudes of women across the country. Shoola is 12 years old and the eldest of eight children. She recently attended school for the first time and is feisty and confident. I ask her whether she wears the burqa to school. "I do not," she answers proudly. "And if I want to wear it or not, it is no one's business."

Shoola claims not to remember life under the Taliban, and when she asks of my questioning the demands to be ceased. I turn to 14-year-old Farwana, who was tried at the Grade 1 level but does not go to school because her father will not allow it. She is sultry, almost depressed. When I ask what she would like to do when she is older, she replies, "I cannot think of my future, because I cannot think of solving my problems in the near future." Najeeba, 22, is a health care worker and attended school secretly throughout the Taliban's rule. Her father is a wealthy general, and she is an attractive, graceful young woman. Her husband died of cancer at 25, but unlike the Afghan widows I met in Peshawar, Najeeba has financial resources. "I hope one day my children will be able to leave my home and live and work independently," she says, "even in this arid environment."

Khassam is less hopeful. Unsure of her age, she believes she is under 40. She wears a burqa, and describes a life that has left her grief-stricken and dejected. Russian soldiers shot her husband and son; she is poor, with thick, darkened hands and a deeply lined face. During our conversation she is tearful but open, offering up personal details of a troubled lifetime. "We have never seen a good day," she confides. "I hope there will be peace in the world as well as peace for us."

In the end, only democracy will bring safety for women, says Ishraq Ghaib, chairman of the National Solidarity Movement, representing more than 40 political parties in Afghanistan. A national election is expected in 2004. But unfortunately, he says, the reality of implementing elections in Afghanistan is proving difficult: there can be no election without voter registration, and there can be no effective means of voter registration and participation without sufficient security—especially for women. "It has been a year and a half, and still the people of Afghanistan are crying from the gaps," he sighs. For Afghan women, it is a daily reality that is painfully difficult to swallow. ■

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THE PROFITS IN REPELLENTS

West Nile fears are driving sales in protective products, JOHN INTINI reports

URING THE MID-1950s, when he was studying business at Ohio State University, Brian Tuffin played softball safely for the famed Buckeyes football team. And while it's been nearly 20 years since he's stepped on the pads, the president of Boston, Ont.-based S.C. Johnson & Son Canada Ltd. remains a defensive specialist—albeit on a much different playing field. These days the 36-year-old is busy trying to help weed off a swarm of West Nile-infected mosquitoes biting in hematological-shaped corner offices. Tuffin talks at length about his firm's commitment not just to selling its bug repellents, but to educating consumers on how to protect themselves from the insects—and from a potentially deadly disease. People are listening. "Many of our major retailers have already seen more than 300 per cent increases in sales," says Tuffin, adding with the gold ring he earned when the Buckeyes were Big 10 and Cotton Bowl champs in 1986. "People aren't waiting around to be bitten by mosquitoes. They're making preventive purchases—not reactive ones."

That focus on preventive education is Tuffin's best defense against any suggestion that S.C. Johnson is simply profiting from widespread fears of West Nile. The company is Canada's largest bug repellent manufacturer, and West Nile has spurred bug spray into big business. Industry analysts predict this season's sales of insect repellents will at least double from last year, when Canada spent \$40 million on them. Most of that went to S.C. Johnson—three-quarters of every Canadian buys bug spray for its products, including Off! Skinmax and Deep Woods Off! West Nile has changed the purchasing habits of Canadian consumers," says Andrew Pelletier, director of corporate affairs with W.D. Murr Canada.

Concerns didn't wait for warm weather. "We've seen a doubling of insect repellent sales since February," says Pelletier. But the big sales explosion is yet to come. Thousands of Canadians are picking up for summer holidays, and when the first confirmed human case of West Nile is reported, it will

almost certainly increase demand for protective products. "Many of our retailers have been asking for their fall inventory up front," says Neil Chen, vice-president of marketing with S.C. Johnson. "They want to make sure they're ready when demand really increases, and are afraid of running out."

Last year 20 Canadians, mostly in northwestern Ontario, died of West Nile, and more than 300 fell ill from the disease. Although there have been no confirmed human cases so far in 2003, more than a dozen dead birds have been found to have the virus in Ontario, two were detected in Quebec, one in Manitoba and another in Saskatchewan. A report in late May, meanwhile, that a Seattle man was thought to have the disease, heightened awareness of West Nile and drove up repellent sales right across the continent—even though that report was ultimately proven false.

Major retailers are reaping the rewards. Rona and Canadian Tire stores have experienced substantial increases in sales of anything that might keep the bugs at bay. "Repellents, bugnets, a mosquito net and mosquito magnets have all done excep-

"PEOPLE AREN'T waiting around to be bitten by mosquitoes. They're making preventive purchases—not reactive ones."

tionally well for us so far this year," says Scott Borzolinovsk, a spokesperson for Canadian Tire. "As public concern increases, so do product sales. We have seen a triple-digit increase." While no market share is smaller, Penta-Clare, Que.-based Schering Canada Inc., maker of the popular Mositol bug repellent, is also selling as well as ever. Mositol has been protecting Canadians for 50 years, thanks to a formula developed by a colonel in the Canadian military. "We've been shipping out products to the stores in force as we

can manufacture them," says Schering spokesman Randy Steffen.

But the sales windfall poses challenges for the manufacturers. Both S.C. Johnson and Mositol have boosted production in their plants. Can they keep up if demand gets any greater? "I certainly hope so," says Tuffin, who expects production to double this year. "In the history of our North American operation, there's never been a scenario of this magnitude. Our team has been meeting since January in anticipation of West Nile, but we won't know the extent of the surge until later in the season."

Most of the top repellents use a chemical called DEET as the active ingredient. It's an effective deterrent to bugs, but Health Canada does not recommend the use of DEET on children under six months, and only in small doses for other young children. In large doses or after prolonged use, DEET can be a neurotoxin. There are alternatives just in time for the peak season, S.C. Johnson is offering Off! Botanicals, a DEET-free repellent recently approved by the Canadian government (it was sold in the U.S. last year). "It's not great tasting," says Tuffin, "but the creation of this product was driven by a consumer concern with using DEET."

The company has more than doubled its advertising budget to remind a print, TV and radio campaign explaining how its products can help consumers enjoy the outdoors this summer while protecting themselves from potential infection. Chances the company is also posting a bug tracker on its Web site to help tabs on the most heavily infested areas. "We've hired entomologists to tell us where the bugs are and where they're going to be," Chen says. "Things aren't going to give us any immediate recognition, but it does provide credibility."

West Nile is also driving up sales for items that produce everything from sweat-free soaps to protective cover caps. "We've been selling a lot of screening-related products, including bug hats, bug jackets and bug tents," says Borzolinovsk at Canadian Tire. "Mosquitoes are not new to Canada, but



the threat of West Nile has just made more people think about protecting themselves."

Conversely, West Nile—like SARS and mad cow—will likely all be in the woes of the already-dreaded summer industry. "Weekend warriors, who lead north to cottage country for a break from the city, are a little more apprehensive this season. That could be bad news for resorts, campground operators and outfitters. Checking the canoe reservations for July and August, Rob Rickwood, who owns and operates Canoe Algon-

quin in Kenney, Ont., says bookings are down by about a third compared to this time last year. "It's hard to tell if it's SARS or West Nile, but the schedule is definitely not filling out like it does from year to year," says Rickwood, who has run the canoe outfitter company for 25 years. "Last year, if a man came in, one would buy a bug jacket and the other would laugh at him. This year, they're all buying jackets. There is no doubt West Nile is on people's minds."

Since S.C. Johnson is privately owned and

doesn't publish financial figures, there's no way of knowing the exact impact of West Nile on the company's bottom line. While he acknowledges that sales are booming, Tuffin is adamant the company is not taking advantage of people's fear just to promote repellent sales. "We're a family-run company," says Tuffin, "and I'd rather my employees know how to protect themselves from West Nile than sell another case of OOPP." Either way, Canadians will sell by the tens of thousands of repellent this summer.



A RARE OTTAWA SUCCESS

The Canada Pension Plan is one of the best in the world—and will remain sound

THE NEXT TIME anyone tells you that all social programs Ottawa delivers are overpriced, badly designed and generally lousy deals for taxpayers, rebut the griper by citing the Canada Pension Plan. A case can be made that Canada has the second best social-security program in the industrial world, not far behind Britain. "Best" means a program that delivers good benefits today and is based on a sound set of investment policies which, with occasional updating, will permit the program to function effectively for as far in the actual eye can see.

What causes these personal reflections is reading the latest glowing report on U.S. Social Security and on similar programs in France, Italy and Germany. The CPP has been sounder than those programs for three decades and will deliver its lead in the years ahead. Governments can make shabby pension programs seem sound for many years, but by the time they start to look Aaa's, it is too late to fix them without harsh consequences for taxpayers and pensioners.

A 1989 hearing in New York City of the Social Security subcommittee of the U.S. Senate Finance Committee that never received Canadian media coverage is a good place to start this discussion. The CPP was the hot topic that day. *New Canadians* knew that U.S. Social Security was overvalued in 1983 so undrate the funding of the CPP, thanks to leadership from two prominent senators, Republican Bob Dole and Democrat Patrick Moynihan. Before 1983, it was a pay-as-you-go program that returned only an insignificant reserve fund. The Dole-Moynihan reforms created a long-term reserve trust fund, which became the largest holder of U.S. treasury bonds.

Moynihan, a fan of the CPP approach, chaired the hearing. It was the first full-scale review of the reform U.S. trust fund. He asked Ottawa for an expert witness and CPP staff suggested a Canadian investment manager resident in the New York area with personal experience in the design of the CPP fund. The witness had spent five years on a

privatized royal commission on pension studying tables that would make most people's eyes glaze over. Explaining the CPP as social insurance—social benefits based on taxpayer principles—as opposed to pay-as-you-go scheme, the witness described the concept of accumulating a sizable trust fund to pay benefits. Such a plan isn't fully funded, unlike private pension plans. It divides the costs of each generation's pension between today's and tomorrow's workers. Based on the assumption that tomorrow's workers will inherit a flourishing economy that will permit them to earn more than today's workers, these future workers should pay for their privilege by picking up part of the cost, but they shouldn't pick up nearly the whole tab, as pay-as-you-go provides. The CPP's approach is pragmatic. There was never a chance that

A FURIOUS Senator Patrick Moynihan apologized to the witness, welcomed his 'powerful' testimony and said Canada should be thanked

a universal government plan would be fully funded, because its investments would then take over the economy.

The CPP approach was elegant—and it has worked so unerringly (with a few winks along the way, that will be discussed in this space next issue). The original account for the fund was created in the 1960s by Kenneth MacGregor when he was Ottawa's representative of insurance. When the Royal Commission on the Status of Pensioners in Ontario conducted its independent external review of the CPP in 1978, it found that the mathematical relationship between the trust fund's assets and the plan's liabilities was almost exactly what MacGregor had projected. His warning had meant that the numbers on both sides of the equation were vastly bigger than he was allowed to forecast,

but the fund was as strong as he predicted. Those who think all government pension investments are hideous, take note.

After a review of the CPP's successful progress, the witness at the Senate hearing launched into a critique of the U.S. Social Security fund's investment program. He contrasted it with the CPP's approach and said the reasons there was no chance their investment policies would perform as well. The U.S. fund was buying non-marketable treasury bonds twice a year whose maturity was set at the average term of the national debt—in the range of five years. The CPP was investing in 20-year promissory bonds. As just about everyone knows, year-on-year, long-term bonds have higher yields than mid-term bonds. So Social Security was systematically robbing pensioners by getting a poor rate of return. The witness was government, which dramatically reduced the cost of servicing its national debt by shifting its major investment, the Social Security trust fund.

The Social Security staff expert at the hearing advised Moynihan that the Canadian's testimony was in serious error, and the witness, believing him, dismissed the witness. But before standing down, the witness, in his defense, said, "Sensates, I refer you to the following pages in the secretary's report appended to the last two evaluations." Moynihan whispered to a personal staff member, who cried. The chairman asked the Canadian to return to the room. Moynihan's aide returned an hour later, and spoke privately to his boss. A furious Moynihan then rushed around as an apology on behalf of the entire subcommittee. The Senate had been misled by Social Security staff, he said, and the witness's "powerful" testimony had been accurate—and Canada should be thanked.

Later the senator talked privately at length to the Canadian. "We senators have to deal with so many complicated subjects every day that we're at the mercy of the Social Security experts. How can it be in Canada you were able to get politicians to do the right technical things on a program they couldn't understand?" he asked.

When Moynihan asked me that question, it was the one thing I couldn't answer them, but will next week. ■

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'A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD'

For the Palestinian diaspora, peace negotiations are unlikely to end the ordeal

The formal travelling of George W. Bush's road map for Middle East peace during a historic meeting on June 4 in Amman, Jordan, was aggressive. Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and Palestinian Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas shook hands and agreed to take the first steps toward implementing the plan, which would lead to a Palestinian state in three years. Sharon promised to dismantle a number of Israeli border outposts in the occupied territories, while Abbas said he would side with a map made by his group. He has so far failed to control the militant group Hamas, suicide attacks and Israeli strikes left over 60 people dead in a spate of violence. Despite the setback, last week Sharon and Abbas tried to hammer out a ceasefire agreement that would allow the peace plan to proceed. But little has been said about one contentious issue: Palestinian refugees. *Middle East's Contributing Editor Adrian R. Khaen* recently visited a Palestinian refugee camp on the Jordan-Iraq border. He filed this report:

WITHOUT WARNING, a sandstorm sweeps over the Al Rawaythid camp in the wastelands of east Jordan, turning day into night. Fifty tents are ripped apart, scattering personal belongings over the dusty terrain and sending a dozen people, shaking, to the camp clinic. Twenty-year-old Ibrahim Samir and his mother, Ibtisam, 45, hug each other in their tent and pray while the frenzied winds tear at the thin canvas separating them from the easelstorm. Later, when the wind finally subsides, Ibtisam, still suffering the after effects of a storm more arid to camp residents two days earlier, listlessly propounds on a prepackaged "Evening diary." It's the same, she sighs. "Here, dust and rocks and boredom."

The almost 1,000 people living in this squalid camp are part of the latest chapter in the sad saga of the Palestinian diaspora. The inhabitants of Al Rawaythid had seen poverty homes in Iraq, but were displaced because of the war. Sharon and his mother's dream go back to Haifa, from where family

members fled in the face of advancing Israeli soldiers in 1948. Neither mother nor son has ever seen the ancestral home, just 200 km to the west and now an integral part of Israel. Both were born in Baghdad, where Ibtisam completed her master's thesis in theater arts at Baghdad University earlier this year, before the war forced them to try to escape to Jordan. But Haifa still holds a mystical allure for them. "My mother told me many stories," says Ibtisam. "About the fish, the seaside and the bay. It is my home—I will never forget it."

For now they live in limbo, symbolizing an enduring problem: what to do about the Palestinian refugees. Some four million are registered with the UN, taking into account others who are not on the official list, the number may actually be as high as eight million people, scattered mostly throughout

"YOU HAVE TO understand—our first aim is to return to Palestine. But if that's impossible, anyplace where we can live in peace will do."

the Middle East. Many of them learned to know of George W. Bush's so-called road map for Middle East peace in the hope that it might offer some solution to their plight. They were disappointed: the refugee problem was barely mentioned despite being a key issue separating the Palestinian Authority and Israel. But others have chosen to step past this particular minefield as well. The last major peace initiative—the so-called Oslo process—began in 1993 with negotiations between Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin, the Israeli prime minister who was assassinated in 1995 by a right-wing Jewish extremist. The talks continued but ultimately failed in January 2001—and did not come close to adequately addressing the refugee issue.

People trapped at Al Rawaythid aren't accused that the refugees' plight has been

largely ignored in negotiations. "We live in these terrible conditions, while those politicians go to resorts and drink cocktails by the sea," says Ali Saad Jaber, a 52-year-old father of five. "What do you think they do there—talk about the poor, suffering Palestinian refugees?" But even talk may not go anywhere—the issue seems unsolvable. Palestinian leaders have always insisted on the return of all refugees, and on UN resolutions that call for repatriation of all Palestinians forced from their homes in successive wars dating back to 1948, when the state of Israel was established. But Israel, with a population of an million, will never allow the refugees to return to their homes—that would dilute the identity of the Jewish state. And even if a Palestinian homeland is established, would Israel accede an influx of refugees there who would help create a Palestinian state whose population would dwarf that of Israel?

Therein lies the well beyond a bilateral disagreement between Israel and the Palestinian Authority. In Jordan, the majority of that country's 1.5 million Palestinian refugees registered with the UN have been granted full citizenship rights. But under UN rules, even those naturalized Jordanians retain their refugee status, and with it the right to return to their homes Syria and Lebanon, meanwhile, have refused to give citizenship to the almost one million Palestinians in those two countries. Their position: Palestine will never have a true homeland outside of Israel and must be recreated.

Now the Iraq war has added another troubling variable. Soldiers Hussein's police protect the almost 90,000 Palestinian refugees living in that country, but many are now being persecuted and are trying to leave Iraq. Jordan doesn't want to take them in. "Jordan is not legally mandated to accept these people," says Nabil Benbicki, UN coordinator for the Al Rawaythid camp. "The fear of the Jordanian government is that if these people are allowed in, there will be a flood from Iraq."

In Jordan, many Palestinians who now



Scenes from the Al Rawaythid camp in the Jordanian desert, where Palestinians fleeing from their homes in Iraq now wait in limbo

enjoy full citizenship rights have come to feel a strong affinity for their host country and would not return home. But those trapped in Muslim refugee camps have a different reality. Ibtisam longs for a better, more peaceful life. "Our first aim is to return to Palestine," she says. "But if that's

impossible, then anyplace where we can live in peace will do." Her mother wants the home she never knew. "If no other country wants me," she says, "then let me return to my home." In an effort to make a winter underland, she shows the dedication she would for her mother's dream. "I

Palestine: the beautiful inherited wound, bleeding like a deer and refusing to heal. Twenty mother's soul, trying to return to its roots. To my children, my adherence to you knowledge and wounded hope. And to my brothers and sisters, we still have a long journey ahead."

'STAND UP OR BE SUCKED IN'

A crusader says the world has to resist George W. Bush's imperialist agenda

HE'S MADE inroads in corporate boardrooms and backrooms for more than 40 years, sitting at everything from unsafe automobiles to revealing the unspeakable in grad school in his dog. When consumer advocate Ralph Nader turned his attention to politics, naming under the banner of the upstart environmentalist Green Party in 2000, he made an even bigger splash—earning 2.8 million votes in a race George W. Bush would eventually win by a mere 337 electoral votes. Many Democrats angrily blamed Nader for the defeat of their candidate, Al Gore. Now with the next presidential campaign fast approaching, they might have reason to worry again because Nader, 60, isn't ruling out launching a second bid for the White House. During a recent stop in Toronto, he spoke with Maclean's National Correspondent Jonathan Gaithehouse about the issues that will motivate him, the Bush administration's aggressive world agenda and his own political future.

Among other causes these days, you've been preaching the need for more corporate responsibility. In a world of Enron, WorldCom and Martha Stewart, what should companies be doing to tell their stories?

Canadian corporations have a great opportunity to differentiate themselves at home and in their international trade practices. They should learn quickly from the failure in the U.S. to hold corporations to honest financial reporting, and take heed of the consequences of unbridled executive compensation—Canadian CEOs are starting to get up there, you know, \$120 million, \$8 million, \$13 million a year.

But trends in the U.S. tend to move north to Canada, and it is very important that Canadian corporations and the government be aware of the dangers to markets, jobs, pensions—the things that have weakened our whole economy.

Do you expect corporations to take these steps on their own, or do we need government

to legislate good behavior?

Government should be the author of these large corporations. You take corporations above a certain size, and it's responsible for private accounting firms to honestly report on the financial status of that company when they're getting paid to look the other way, or risk losing the client.

As far as executive compensation goes, what the government should do is give explicit authority to the shareholders to approve or disapprove compensation packages with requirements for full disclosure of stock options and other perquisites for executives. Final bylaws and charters have got to become a mechanism of control. If, for example, a corporation is a toxic polluter, chronic law violator or a corrupter of politicians, the state or the province should be able to pull its charter and remove the board of directors and put in trustees until the company is rechartered.

You're come out in favour of Bill C-24, the Christian government's legislation to limit corporate and union political donations. Why do you consider this important?

We've got to get big money out of politics, because it nullifies the voices and wishes of citizens. Public elections should be publicly financed. When they are not, people end up being even more ripped off as consumers, getting exposed to more environmental hazards, having their retirement imperilled, their health care degraded and public education cut back.

Increasingly, it appears as if the rest of us are living in George W. Bush's world. How should Canada react to that new reality? Challenge it? Americans need other democracies to challenge the military, authoritarian and corporatist regime of George Bush, which is anti-American to its core.

But there's often a rank in the media to suggest that's an unwise thing to do—that we will pay the price.

That's what I call the attitude of a vessel to ward the load of the monster. This constant idea of "don't shake up Washington because we'll pay the price" is the attitude of a self Canada will either stand up to Bush or be sucked in by Bush. And Charles has done a better job than most PMs have, in his follow-up.

There's been suggestions that the intelligence that sent America to war in Iraq was rigged, is that going to change American minds about the conflict?

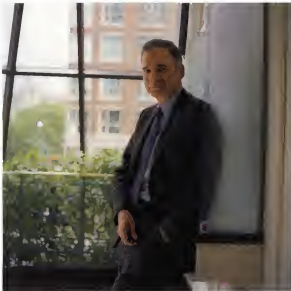
It will, so the sands of Iraq turn into quicksands and quagmires. Right now, it's a heady victory, a quick victory with minimal casualties. But what happens when it isn't a victory, when it's billions of dollars, body bags coming back every week, and Bush is turning his back on our own casualties in America? I mean, he's spending more time on international statistics terrorism and the Middle East than he is on America, and that's going to become clear—at least the Democrats should make this clear.

The country was deeply divided during the last presidential election. Why have the Democrats been unable to tap into the opposition that existed just 2½ years ago?

Their personalities are indebted to corporate money, indebted to preserving their political careers and not taking bold stands—not being leaders. They reflect Bush's shaping of public opinion without challenge. And when you have the President in the mass media every day, unchallenged with his little seven-word sentences and cue cards, what do you think can do? The Democrats are not organizing to make sure that doesn't happen.

Are you pessimistic about the possible outcomes of the 2004 election?

Well, the 2004 election is just another opportunity to try and break the grip of the two dominant parties in America, Bush and Clinton. But Bushman did it on the right. And I



didn't fit on the progressive end. One of these years it's going to start breaking through.

Are you at all interested in running again for the White House?
I haven't decided yet. It's a little early.

When do you have to make up your mind about whether to run?
By the end of the year.

A lot has been made of your role in the 2000 election. Putting that aside, do you think that

Al Gore would have asked any differently as president than Bush?

He would have been better on domestic issues than the Republicans. But on regular issues, for example, Bill Clinton and Gore were a disaster—about as bad or worse than [Ronald] Reagan and Bush. Gore might have been a little warmer than Bush about North Korea, but you know basically the U.S. is a militaristic, expansionist hegemony. We don't open most disputes at long as they don't align themselves with any of our enemies.

You attended Princeton with Donald Rumsfeld. What did you think of him?

He was a happy-go-lucky Princeton Charlie, who was head of the wrestling team, wore white buck shoes and harbored an intense energy level.

What's your impression of him now?

I think his media celebrity status has inflated his personality beyond the level of prudence required by a secretary of defense. Otherwise whatever and about him at Princeton in the 1950s too full of himself.



TASTES OF THE TRUE NORTH

Canadian cuisine, writes PATRICIA HILUCHY, is a medley of local and ethnic flavours

DEFINITION OF A GEEK, ethnic variety in the early '70s you're gathering edible meals roots with your friends bare and while, in another part of this Vancouver Island field, some of your storage pens are looking for philosophy—"magic" thorns. Early on, I do covered the simple, decidedly non-psyche de la pleasure to be had in foraging for wild food. My father had brought the main-room picking tradition from the Old Country. And so our family went on regular expeditions near the places we lived—in the woods around Thunder Bay, Ont., and, later, in the cattle pastures surrounding Duncan, B.C. Soaring bobolinks adorned by old logs, or agave growing amid sea pines, a good dry fun. And it's worlds away from filling a plastic bag with the white Soyuzina that poses for mushroom at the super market. The dew on your clothes, the dew on your fingers, the musky odour foretelling butter-and-garlic-bathed pleasure—it all clicks in some primordial part of the brain.

One recent afternoon, I went mushroom picking with renowned chef Michael Soddinder. If anyone is the personification of uniquely Canadian cuisine, this is the guy. With his wife, Nobuyo, Soddinder even

Eigenheim Farm, a 100-acre spread near Collingwood, Ont., two hours north of Toronto. They raise their own organic pigs, lambs, ducks, guinea hens, chickens, geese, trout, vegetables and herbs (more than 50 of them, including seven kinds of thyme.) Friday and Saturday nights for most of the year, Soddinder and a small team of helpers transform their produce, along with ingredients from neighbours and, maybe, just a few items from away, into some of the best on-venue drinks you'll get anywhere. In fact, last year the British magazine Restaurant named Eigenheim one of the top eating establishments in the world.

It's an unseasonably cool day, weighed down by a thick fog that's rolled in from Georgian Bay. Carrying baskets, Soddinder and his wife descend into the misty woods beyond their red-brick Victorian farmhouse. Like their dwelling-room restaurant, the property is whimsically decorated here and there with found objects—rocks, wood, shells, even wine bottles and corks. The whole farm seems an evolving eco-art installation fest.

If anyone personifies Canadian cuisine, Soddinder (opposite, top right) is the guy

turing regular special events held, even during winter, in an outdoor "dining room" around the property. In August, the Soddinders will host a three-day "farm-in" for 50 invited guests featuring film screenings, cooking workshops, pottery classes and, of course, exquisite meals. "The way I look at our place, it's a little theatre," says the quizzical, 44-year-old Michael, who was raised on a German family farm and has been running Eigenheim for a decade, after a brilliant career as a chef in Toronto and on the West Coast. "When people go out the door, besides having great food, they should have a bit more special strength—we want to give them a little massage, a little therapy."

A big part of that psychic tune-up is administered through the palate: cuisiniers get to overemerge with this very piece of land by severing in fruits. And so we search for much-prized month's, loam-looking probioticness with caps resembling brain matter. At first we can't find any, peering into Nobuyo, a 35-year-old, Japanese-born beauty with lush hair falling below her waist, to laughingly lament, "The mushrooms, they don't talk to you." But eventually we spot dozens of them in an old apple orchard,



The gifted, creative Lucio is also a scientist of technique and flavor, an artist who's forever finding new ways to delight and astonish diners.

some as big as a baby's forearm. "I haven't seen much like this for years," says Staudacher, filling his basket.

Later, they show up in the main course, which is lamb served with the mushrooms and a sauce of lamb's head and tongue. "Just me, it's amazing—robust, earthy, delicious." The six-course dinner also includes an unforgettable soup of lobster (Staudacher isn't a local-produce hunkin'er), penne with white asparagus, three squash (pigeon) and five peas with a potato, marjoram-infused risotto, sweet Georgian fig pickled accompanied by wild fennel and a vibrant medley of pepper crisp, sorrel and chives, and a shubutou meurette heart of turnip. It's a meal resilient of spring, the farm and the woods.

WILD FOOD, local food, seasonal food—this is the mantra of the chefs, producers and foodies who are establishing a distinctive Canadian cuisine. "It's not about fancy new-fangled presentation and expensive ingredients," says Fildes head chef Michael Smith. "It's about finding Canadian ingredients and letting them shine." English Canadians may not have signature dishes the way Quebec does to wine, meat, and most other cuisines emphatically do, can you imagine Spain without paella, Morocco without tagine, Scotland without haggis? But we do enjoy the bounty of the sea and a variety of game and wild plants and fruits, not to mention such Canadian chéds as maple syrup.

Smith, a cookbook author who has two shows running on Food Network Canada, shares many chefs' enthusiasm for the small but growing wild-food movement—small, eco-friendly producers of usually organic cheeses, breads, herbs and solid greens. He speaks especially about extra-virgin, cold-pressed, organic canola oil (Smith swears it can be as good as olive oil) from Highwood Crossing Farm near Calgary. He also hails innovators like Supreme Seafoods and Caviar Ltd. of George, N.B., for the fish and the company's plan to harvest Canadian caviar within a year. "Yeah, we have winter," Smith notes, "but most of the world does. It's like a year-round growing cycle. If you refile off the ingredients from coast to coast, we're definitely blessed."

We're also blessed with many immigrant communities that have given Canada a multicultural mosaic unmatched in most parts of the world. A lot of the superb food available in takeout establishments and



JUNK FARE PUTS THE UCK IN CANUCK

From the scrumptious of Newfoundland to the delicious Saskatoon breaded of B.C. Pories, nothing puts the uck in Canuck like a good feed of Canadian junk. For Shana Tynes, it's all pickle potato chips, but we all have our weaknesses: foods that inexplicably named us of home, foods that the rest of the world doesn't get. They're ours to crave, and if they're considered disgusting by large segments of the population, so much the better.

The world is poorer for the list of Canadian confections yet to be introduced by the Masamio bar, the hot sauce, or the Cherry Blossom, a nutty chocolate blob encasing a syrupy cherry Ontario Cherry, with real Canadian chocolate. Or Victoria's Apr. Louis and No Love cakes with their nuclear-powered filling. Coffee Crisp, a Canadian exclusive for peanut fans, is only now breaking into the U.S.

Let's mention regional foods, with the caveat that not every province of Canada evenly flaunts beyond their geographic boundaries. That is, their charms. Saskatchewan are best eaten in their native Newfoundland. They're the temp, crisp-fried pork cubes that add something to fish 'n' brews, a collection of

boiled with fish and hard bread.

There's a geography to food. The interest of a seafood pigtail evokes the high-kilowatt farms east-west of Waterloo, Ont. So, too, the irony of pickled pigs feet—an acquired taste if ever there was one. For 25 years (perhaps is an B.C. Pories, waged a low hate relationship with the Saskatoon breaded, a sort of egg Benedict drowned in fluorescent yellow hollandaise. When better counters removed it from the ferry service arena this spring, its demise was sadly noted in the literature. A skate along Ottawa's Rideau Canal is unthinkable without scarfing a BeaverTik, a deep-fried poultry quickly identified as salmon, moose, sugar and lemon. In Thunder Bay, Ont., the white mackerel named Pemm, an oblong, sugary depth change of egg enriched dough, sufficed in pink loup.

Such things are never quite replicated elsewhere. Thus, Pemm and Montreal bagels are flown coast-to-coast with the urgency of breakfast argon. Some for B.C. smoked salmon. The best coffee loaf is in the suburbs of Montreal.

It's a make-it-or-buy-it society, and a certain sense of delicate self-preservation, where food indulgence in the foods we love. It's enough that they linger in our memories—and, unfortunately, in our hearts. —KEN KAWJUN

Poutine is that rare thing, a regional-gubbing treat that's gone national.

restaurants—not to mention homes—across the country may not conform to the emerging Great North culinary idiom, but it's still ours. "The conservatism of Canadian cuisine is that we're a country of people who immigrated from a million different places, and the waves of immigration have changed over the years," notes Food Network Canada host Christine Chubbie, who's also a seasoned professional cook. "It's not like French or Italian cuisine in that it constantly evolves. Those countries tend to stay within their culinary history because those histories are so strong."

And so, over the years the Canadian palate has come to embrace mochi, pork ribs, ribs, pa'l Thai, bento, moose, and toad-in-the-hole, sushi. Dozens of dishes once considered exotic have made it onto the menus of non-ethnic restaurants, or get served for dinner at thousands of Canadian households. This eclectic diet isn't a product of the melting pot alone; it also reflects the fact that Canadians have travelled around a whole lot in the past few decades, and that we're all living in an increasingly globalized world.

Then there's the rise of the "foodies," so borrow a term in Vancouver author Ilene Taylor's best-selling novel *Stanley Park*

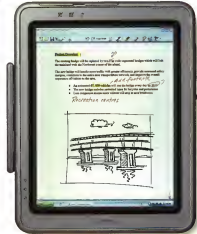


Stallinder hopes chefs leave with 'great spiritual strength' as well as happy palates.

Tellingly for those cases of gustatory obsession, Taylor's own food is his dominant metaphor for personal authenticity and rootedness. A Canadian with Asian food is by no means unique to Canada, but we've embraced the trend hungrily here, we're still devoted to fast-food outlets—to the tune of \$5.9 billion in 2004, according to Statistics Canada. And in many towns the offerings don't get any more exotic than what you find at the local Chinese-Canadian joint.

But for many Canadians, observes veteran Toronto cooking teacher and cookbook author Bonnie Stern, "food has become an entertainment." Hence the advent in this country six years ago of the Food Network and then, in October 2000, of Food Network Canada, which has seen viewership in the key 25-54 age demographic increase 43 per cent since its launch. Celebrity chefs like Jamie Oliver, Nigel Lawson, Anthony Bourdain and Emeril (the abominable) Lagasse have sent up the kitchen—in the past where endorsement in chef programs is booming across the country.

While Canada's most exciting media don't have the rock-star status of their British or American counterparts, they're still revered—and are becoming household names thanks to the Food Network. You don't have to be a serious foodie to have heard of Stallinder, or Rob Frenkel and Robert Clark in Vancouver, or James Kennedy, Anthony White, Michael Sussman and Chris MacDonald in Toronto, or James McGee and Norwood Laprise in Montreal, among many others. And the temples of food where they and other esteemed pros perform culinary sermons are becoming as well-known as more traditional tourist attractions—places like



CUISINE COLLEGE

Who else your government hopes for the future? A good place to start looking might be the youth (under 20) team representing Canada in the October 2004 Guineya Olympics in Freetown, Guyana. The eight men and women, from communities across the country, have more than a facility with the ballroom when it comes. They're all past or present students at the Culinary Institute of Canada, arguably the country's hottest cooking school, nestled in Charlotteville's waterfront. Recent graduate and team member Kelly Clark, 20, from Rankin Inlet, Nunavut, says she isn't surprised that a small program in F.I.C. produces grads with such a flair in the kitchens. "You can't beat the kind of instruction we're getting." Students aren't the only ones who say so. Just ask the owners of the high-end resorts in Florida and on Nantucket Island who came reeling in last spring. Or canvas chefs from St. John's, Nfld., to Vancouver who each



Graduates of Charlotteville's Culinary Institute of Canada have top-notch skills.

day back into food created by volatile grids.

No wonder there's a perennial waiting list to enter the two-year program, part of Charlotteville's Holland College. "There has been this recent renaissance of the chef's life that makes it look quite alluring," explains David Harding, program manager at the institute. But, however, is only part of the reason why

this year's 20 students run from ages 16 to 50—and include several second careers, such as Rob Howland, 34, a former interpreter for the deaf who quit his job in Kingston, Ont., to take the pastry arts program. The school, which recently expanded its wine and Canadian cuisine programs, has a reputation for turning out grads who can step into any kitchen and be ready to handle the rush-hour crowd.

Students spend four to five hours a day—versus eight hours a week in most other college cooking programs—learning hard-on skills in the kitchen. To prepare for the 24/7 work world, they're at it six days a week, often starting at 5:30 a.m., before going off-campus on apprenticeship postings.

Sermony does have its advantages: while first-year students get to run the student canteen, second years offer live demos at the Lucy Maud Montgomery Room at campus. While that came down there, one good day, a waiter can take at the harbour and sample food made by some of the up-and-coming of Canadian cuisine—all for a little more than the price of a burger and fries at a fast-food joint.

JOHN DUMORT

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Vancouver Island's Sooke Harbour House (page 77), Lunenburg and West in Vancouver, Edmonton's Hardware Grill, Silver Café and Cactus Calgary, Winnipeg's 525 Wellington, Canoe, Amigos and Bob's in Toronto, Montreal's Yagoué and Le Pressé Presse, bistrot in Quebec City, China in Halifax and the Inn at Bay Portage on P.E.I. But the Canadian restaurant serious gourmets get most rip-roaring about is Toronto's Ssue, named after popperon/chef, Sam Lee.



Lee's dishes are subtle but they deliver old-fashioned, mouth-watering pleasure

ON THE TABLE In front of him, Lee lays out some Vietnamese popperons, a spice he first discovered during a work stint in San goeet in the late 1990s. The dried berries are almost double the size of the more common Indian variety, but more significant for Lee is their "very floral" taste. "I didn't know the difference between a great popperon and a good one," he says. Hong Kong-born Lee, 44, isn't just a phenomenally gifted chef. He's also a scientist of technique and flavour, an artist who's forever finding new ways to delight and astonish diners. That sometimes means scoring Toronto's Chinatown, or stirring tiny Vietnamese grocery

stores, to find exotic fruits and spices. "It's so exciting," he says, "that I can get these ingredients in Canada."

Lee combines many of the leading themes in Canadian cuisine—ethnic fusion, education and a devotion to the best seasonal ingredients. But he also possesses an unparalleled curiosity. The *meat* chef, who got started in the business at the age of 14,

walking, works at a Hong Kong restaurant, actually gives his clientele credit for spurring on his inventiveness. "The customers have let me cook the food I've wanted to cook," says Lee, a married father of three sons, Mr. Sackbinder. "They've been very pleased to get something that has never been done." His first restaurant, Toronto's Lotus, won him cult status soon after it opened in 1987. In 1996 and '99, the chef of Singapore flocked to Club Chinco, one of the restaurants for which he was consultant. Then, in August 2000, he returned to Toronto to open the airy, exquisitely minimalist Ssue, which immediately established itself as one of North America's top eating establishments.

So strange Lee's pioneering spirit that he's even gone against orthodoxy and reversed the order of dishes in the seven-course tasting menu—the customer favourite at Ssue. After a small appetizer course comes the most substantial fare, with lighter, smaller offerings of fish, shellfish and vegetables following (most tasting menus adhere to the French model of several courses leading up to the main course).

But it's the Asian-influenced food itself that's made Lee one of the truly international cooking stars. He's been featured in *GQ*, *Sevens* and *Food 52*, and scored a major profile two years ago in *Gourmet*. Approached in the past about taking his talents to the Big Apple, Lee he concedes that "playing in a bigger playground" does tempt him. "But," he adds, "other places don't have the ingredients that we have in Toronto."

If Michael Sackbinder's food reconnects people with the earth, Lee's takes them to more refined places. His dishes are subtle and complicated. But no matter how numerous—and disparate—their ingredients, they inevitably deliver old-fashioned, mouth-watering pleasure. The counterpoint of taste is fun, not daunting, and the place is art. Mirrored masterpieces. Recent offerings on the tasting menu included: succulent smoked quail with a Thuyin infused sauce, a truffle sauce and chutney-lemon jam, luscious, jerk-flavoured West pork with a spice-crumbed glaze, and a fabulous soy-crumbed rock bass with lily bulb puree and black truffle vinaigrette. It was as much a performance by kitchen and server as it was a meal, punctuated by regular outcries of "wow" as it unfolded. It made me thankful to be in a country of immigrants and great ingredients, and more awesome cooks. □



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QUEBEC SAVEUR

The province has undergone 'a revolution of the palate'—Quebecers aren't averse to fast food, but they've also created their own haute cuisine



CUSTOMERS MUNCHING on Big Macs in Old Montreal can recall a wooden plaque telling them—erroneously, as it turns out—that in 1688, Antoine Laframée de La Roche Cadillac, founder of the city of Detroit, was born in this building on Notre-Dame Street—now home to a McDonald's outlet. Quebecers boast a solid reputation as epicurean bon vivants and, indeed, they drink more red wine than other Canadians, go out of their way to buy fresh bread at the corner bakery and can find dozens of locally made, raw-milk cheeses at the supermarket. But as Cadillac's supposed birthplace suggests in a somewhat of a way, they also know about fast food, and have given the world some gems of their own cuisine, for instance—French fries topped by cheese curds melting under a sea of gooey sauce—or Montreal's world-famous smoked meat sandwich, not to mention chicken, a traditional spread made of meat, milk, onions and herbs that has meant homemade lunch for generations of schoolchildren.

The world has opened up greatly, and meats and produce unknown to most of us just 25 years ago are now part of our daily gluttonous diet. Still, when it comes to food, the Quebecer is a different animal, according to Jean Marc Léger, a politician and marketing expert in Montreal. "People in the province consume more butter, milk, coffee, tomato paste, soft crackers and veal than those in other parts of the country. Other Canadians are more price-driven and more likely to shop in large surface, no-frills stores, and they have a marked liking for ready-made meals. They consume sausage, canned tuna and frozen vegetables, and drink more tea and apple juice," says Léger. Quebecers are more fickle consumers, and less price-conscious when it comes to food. They

At Montreal's Atwater Market, vendors sell high-end cheeses and vegetables

prefer smaller grocery stores, and expect to be excited by daily specials and elaborate, mouth-watering displays. They spend more time shopping for food and preparing meals than other Canadians.

It's part of what Montreal celebrity gourmet Daniel Pinard calls "a revolution of the palate." There is now a distinct Quebecois cuisine where none existed 25 years ago. "We have precolonial biodiversity. Contrary to the French or the Italians, we did not have a rich culinary heritage, so we invented one, a tradition of the new." Facing an appetizer of bearded men, white asparagus and blue cheese at Le Cube, a fine new restaurant on McGill Street, Pinard adds: "This is not French, not Mediterranean, not fusion, but totally Québécois. I mean, all this food was grown and developed here, it is local. We are eating out of our land."

Local food. That is the big thing in Quebec now. The young chefs in the new high-end restaurants of Montreal—Ragout, L'Épicerie, Ama, Le Cube, La Chronique, Les Chèvres—are in a tough battle to make the most spectacular meals out of local ingredients. "Not so long ago, you had to travel very far to get a meal like that," says Pinard, digging a slice of doe grass out from under his *empresse de légumes*. "It's the demand from the city that has defined agricultural activities in the backcountry."

Nowadays, some farmers and growers—Leblond near Québec City, Desjardins near Montreal—and retailers like Madame Pomme in the Atwater Market, see minor celebrities in their own right. According to Pinard, known as a demanding cook himself, they are heroes of the food revolution, offering vegetables, fruit, cheese, meat and herbaceous as "every bit as good as fish and the old cuisines."

So-called gastronomic tours are now offered in many regions of Quebec, making it possible to visit the best producers and the best tables. They're a success with regular folks, not just the rich, the media and the foodies. As he rabbits some raw-milk cheese made by Luc Mullineux of St-Basile, touted to be the best in Canada, Pinard concludes: "Creating a cuisine that celebrates local production and stimulates it has been the noblest manifestation of Québécoisness."

REPORT FROM



Western Omelette

Number of servings	1
Preparation	5 min
Cooking	5 min
2 eggs	2
2 tbsp water	30 mL
Salt and pepper, to taste	
1 tsp butter	5 mL
1/4 cup finely chopped ham	50 mL
2 tbsp chopped red onion or green pepper	30 mL
1 tbsp finely chopped onion	15 mL

Beat together eggs and water, season with salt and pepper. Set aside. Heat butter over medium heat in an 8-inch (20 cm) non-stick omelette pan. Sauté ham, red and/or green pepper and onion until tender about 2 min. Pour in egg mixture. As mixture sets at the edges, with spatula, gently lift cooked portion to allow uncooked egg to flow underneath. Cook until bottom is set and top is almost set. Flip spatula underneath the omelette and fold in half. Slide onto a warm plate.

Nutrition Facts

Egg protein tops the chart

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Nutrients per serving

Calories	233
Carbohydrate	3.0 g
Fat	19.4 g
Fiber	15.5 g



www.eggs.ca



The cows at Moonstruck Cheese on B.C.'s Salpurg Island have stellar bovine lives.

they eat. For dairy or beef, it's really important that they know the animals get a natural life." That may sound like New Age wishful thinking in an era of processed foods and factory farms, but the organic industry is one of the fastest growing segments of the market. Agriculture Canada estimates organic retail sales will increase by 30 per cent a year to \$3.1 billion in 2005.

Much of the growth stems from public unease about the impact of industrial farming on the environment and the health of the entire food chain, says Janine Gibben, president of Canadian Organic Growers, a national advocacy/education organization. She says B.C. is an organic "hotbed," as a Quebecer, but she adds that consumer demand is growing across the country. The cooperative farms where Gibben lives, near Steinbach, Man.,, uses windfall and solar power, "to promote an understanding of more sustainable agriculture."

Gibben travels North America training organic inspectors. Some 3,100 producers are registered with 45 organic certification bodies across Canada. The organic industry—a native to soil—is a movement anywhere—aiming to capture 10 per cent of the retail food market by 2010. And Vancouver is typical of the fight for consumers. Two dominant local organic producers face competition from two giant U.S. chains, and from organic scientists in regular supermarkets.

Organic's slick new image is both heartening and unsettling for Rebecca Kratoch, who, with partner Brian MacLennan, runs B.C.'s only organic farm brewery in BC—rents in Shawang region. "It's the feeling of a movement much more than an industry," she says. When their brewery opened in January 2000, even some advocates thought the idea of organic beer "is a bit much," she concedes. Since then, kegs of unpasteurized Gnarling Ale have been shipped as far away as Vancouver and Victoria. The appeal is their traditional Irish tone, and the fact that they're made local and responsibly, says Kratoch.

Badass Moonstruck, the Grassroot co-ops that nation with coffee from the Salpurg Roasting Company, another of the island's organic successes. "Organics," says Julia, "has grown up." Adds Susan, "The days of the kelp lettuce are over."

KEIN MACPHEE



KITCHEN GARDEN

A stroll in the gardens of Sooke Harbour House at the southern tip of Vancouver Island is no mere walk in the park. Most every plant surrounding the white clapboard inn and cragging down Whiffin Spit to the shore of Juan de Fuca Strait is pulling double duty—offering a feast for the palate as well as the eye. The gardens reflect the philosophy that, since 1975, has helped localer Philip and his wife, Frédérique, with the assistance of their four adult children, keep their "family project" alive among the world's best inns and restaurants.

The plantings are a riot of greenery and colour, a living symbol of the Pacific belief that great food is local, seasonal, organic when possible, rooted in the area's history, and ethically produced. The motto, by head chef Edward Tison, is a daily mantra drawn from what flowers in the garden and what serves from an eclectic mix of small farmers, foragers and local producers.

Sooke Harbour House is world famous for food based on its own, and local, produce

forests of mushrooms, seaweeds and shellfish. "We love these people," says Bender, "people with dirty hands and gunboats."

He stops on a garden path to show off red net berries and asparagus (both excellent in salads, and salad bushes. All appear on the evening's menu, adding flavour, colour and—with a salad berry reduction—a SAT zap to an asparagus, olive and goat cheese searline. Mustard greens delivered that day end up in an extract of Cowichan Bay Farm duck breast garnished with sage honey, Bing cherry and the subtle, lemongrass shoots of the grand lot fern.

The daily menu is descriptive. As exotic as it seems, it's really a celebration of the everyday environment of southern Vancouver Island. Even the stiller were not dominated by B.C. vegetables. The inn is staffed with art, all local, a passion of French-born Frédérique, chef Tison, for that matter, was born up-island in Nanaimo. Very little at Sooke Harbour House comes from afar, which is why, ironically, it draws clientele from around the world. **K.M.**

NATURALLY DELICIOUS

Organic is the new comfort food, as in feeling good about how the stuff on your plate got there

OH TO BE A JERSEY COW Tasting for Moonstruck Organic Cheese. The pasteurized B.C.'s Salpurg Island is lush. The barn has no doors, cows come and go, following the rhythms of their bovine minds. Susan and Julia Grace—owners of Moonstruck and partners in life—are dedicated to their herd's comfort. "We keep the stress down as low as we can," says Susan. "We just try to be there with what they need." The milking parlour is like a spa. The cows' heads are lightened.

Three cows are treated to a golden glow. They munch organic grain and grass, tuby kelp, which lends the milk a subtle, sea-like tang. And the resulting cheese? Rich, ripe and stretchy, pure bliss as a condiment.

Organic is the new comfort food. It's not just about taste, or health. It's looking good about what's on the plate, and how it got there. "It's a big thing for a lot of people who buy our cheese," says Julia. "People are choosing to make ethical choices in the food



GOOD NEWS FOR THE HEALTH

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A recent study from the Harvard School of Public Health found that healthy individuals can eat as much as six eggs a day as part of a well-balanced diet. Research continues to show that foods such as eggs have little or no effect on most people's blood cholesterol levels. For more information on the many nutritional benefits of eggs, visit www.eggs.ca.



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HOME GROWN

The best domestic wines are made from 100-per-cent Canadian grapes

CANADIANS HAVE NOT completely lost their prejudices against domestic wine. Those magpie Ducks—Babe, Cold and Tuttle—still lurk in the recesses of our national psyche. But you have to be totally derelict not to know that Canadian wine has improved vastly, and that the industry is booming. On May 23, three days into Canada's mad cow scare, Federal Agriculture Minister Lyle Vanclief found time to open a new winery in Ontario's Prince Edward County. The front-lane ceremony below the peaked red roof of Peddler's Wines included politicians and winegrowers in this broad new wine region on the shores of Lake Ontario just south of Belleville. "Great dirt," said Toronto-based winemaker Norman Hardie,

noting the gravelly limestone soil. "I've looked for good pinot noir sites in New Zealand, South Africa and California, and I find it two hours from home."

Like much of Canada, "The County" is on the climatic fringe for growing premium European vitifera vines, and a dastardly cold winter has lowered this year's crop expectations. But the speedbriars this day were undaunted. "This is the start of something wonderful in Prince Edward County," enthused Linda Trachten, president of the Wine Council of Ontario. "And it's a thrilling time for wine in Ontario. It's our

Winemakers are developing non-traditional growing areas like the Annapolis Valley

time. The Ontario industry will double in size in 20 years."

That's not an idle boast. According to the Ontario-based Canadian Vintners Association, the country now has nearly 200 licensed wineries and thousands of hectares of vineyards. That's a drop in the bucket globally, but domestically it's an impressive 80-per-cent rise in only five years, and 400 per cent since 1985. All this despite a marginal climate and the arcane patchwork of federal and provincial alcohol-production and distribution regulations that suffocate all but the most tenacious wine nerds. It's still illegal in Canada, for example, to ship wine directly to customers across provincial borders, which stifles new Internet marketplaces

like Ontario-based *wineryonline.com* and the Toronto Star's new *winetomorrow.com*.

Canadians make some excellent wines, but they aren't typically easy to find. For one thing, there's an ocean of mediocre wine labelled *Product of Canada* or *Collected in Canada* that contains majority of off-shore content. Blended with homegrown. Wine that is 100 per cent grown and vinified here is best identified by the Vintners Quality Alliance emblem. Just even then, a few domestic producers do not submit their wines for VQA approval and labelling.

VQA wine is cool-climate fine, defined by higher acidity, lower alcohol (than lighter body) and often less ripe fruit flavours, very similar to the wines of central Europe, and quite different than those from California, Australia or Chile. Canada makes great, world-class, very sweet ice wines and many very good whites—chardonnays and rieslings from Ontario, and pinot blancs, pinot gris and sauvignon blancs from B.C. Our reds include burgundy-inspired pinots and pinot noirs, and, in the west, pinot noir, Bordeaux-inspired merlots, cabernets and blends thereof, often called meritage. Then there are more funky, controversial red hybrids like baco noir and merocool both.

The industry's fastest growth is noted in two regions—Ontario's Niagara Peninsula and B.C.'s Okanagan Valley. But there are now vineyard clusters sprouting wherever there's a remote chance of growing the right wine, not to mention wineries. From west to east, the sector includes the Cowichan Valley on Vancouver Island, the Fraser Valley in B.C., the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, Quebec's Saguenay-Lac Beauport and Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, Malgouge Peninsula and Lunenburg Bay Valley.

In Nova Scotia's charming Domaine de Grand Pré in Wolfville, some big and smart money is now pouring into emigration: new wineries and wineries. Out west, the biggest development is Anthony von Mandl's \$3.8-million Mission Hill estate in the Okanagan, perched on a hilltop opposite Kelowna and in the southern Okanagan. Vintner, Canada's largest wine company, has removed its Jackson-Triggs winery in Oliver, which is also home to Deeproot Estate, a joint venture with French winemaker to produce a super-premium Bordeaux-style red. Vintage has also acquired the latest viticulture technology to transform part of Canada's only



Some wineries, such as Mission Hill in B.C., are becoming major tourist destinations

northern desert since 2,000-ha plantation. The southern Okanagan, in fact, is Canada's hottest growth spot. Mission Hill and Swasey Ridge have large plantations there, as have smaller labels like Blumwag Owl, Trilobite Creek, Blue Mountain, Black Hills, Wild Goose and Coloma's Saddle. These names have developed real cachet among wine connoisseurs.

B.C. has been on a roll with good to excellent vintages. At the 2002 *Wine Access* magazine Canadian Wine Awards, 54 per cent of the province's 263 entries took medals, and eight of 10 medals for Winery of the Year went from B.C., including the winner, Cedar Creek (Mission Hill won in 2001). Development in Niagara has been disastrous, too,

but it's focused less on planting new vineyards and more on building wineries and tourism infrastructure. Up to a dozen new operations open each season, often with fine restaurants, elaborate tasting rooms and conference facilities. These include showpiece Niagara-on-the-Lake facilities built by Vinco (Jackson-Triggs) and Andre Wines (Peller Estates), Canada's second largest producer.

But it's the product that ultimately drives the business, and some small new Ontario wineries—Mawbey, Laffey, 13th Street, Daniel Lenko and Angel's Gate—hit high notes right off the top. Mid-sized firms with experienced growers and winemakers and with maturing vineyards—Cave Spring, Henry of Pelham, Inniskillin, Chateau des Charmes, Vineland Estates, Mile End and Lakeshore—offer the best consistency.

In recent years nature has been kind on Ontario vintages. The cool, wet 2000 growing season was challenging, and the majority of Ontario's 2001 vintage was affected by a freak infestation of Asian ladybugs that nibbled the vines, varying degrees, with an overall impact like *le vin de 1993*, in 1993, there will be a reduced crop due to winter bad damage. But in both Ontario and in B.C., the 2002 vintage is showing very well indeed. Once the big rains come out of the barrels and onto the shelves in 2004, we may be able to claim it is the best coast-to-coast year for Canadian wine of all time.

Davis Lawrence is the founding editor of *Wine Access* magazine.



I REMEMBER SICILY

Sixty years after the invasion, journalist PETER STURTSBERG recalls the landing

IT WAS AN exciting and invigorating time to be in London that late spring of 1943. The weather was warm, and I remember how sunny it was when I went to a cricket match at Lords. But, above all, there was the great expectation of the next phase of the war, the prospect of a new and startling development, not the second front that the Russians wanted, but a new front, with all its dark uncertainties and dangers.

By mid-May, the Tunisian campaign was over and Africa had been cleared of the enemy. The next blow had to be Europe. But where? I was a CBC war correspondent and the talk in the Cook Tavern, the

The going got rough when the Canadians ran into the Germans near Mount Etna

BBC/CBC pub off Oxford Street, was of a landing in Sicily or Greece, or Yugoslavia, the salt underbelly of the Axis, but behind all the gung ho chatter was the unspoken but ever present memory of the disastrous landing at Dieppe.

When the call came, it was about "going on a holiday to Scotland." We talked in code. But I didn't understand it. In the security of the CBC's underground studio, I found out what it meant: I was to leave that night, June 11, to join the First Canadian Division,

which we knew to be in Scotland.

I had an interview that afternoon with H.G. Wells. It was to be recorded for use in a couple of weeks time. The briefing officer at Canadian Military Headquarters was pleased: the delayed broadcast would provide a cover for my movement. I was flattered that I should be of such consequence that I needed a cover. It was, however, because I worked in the relatively new medium of radio, which could be closely monitored by the enemy.

The next day, after a miserable overnight trip in a blacked-out train packed with troops, we boarded the Dutch liner, *Martin van Strit*

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Albion, one of nine big ships anchored in the Clyde waiting to take the some 27,000 Canadians. As the days went by, a week, 10 days, two weeks, the ships continued to these ships (3,350 on the *Marmora* alone) began to be scarce. It was difficult to keep them occupied, there was a landing exercise in the cold grey dawn on the *Ayrshire* coast where we all got sailing and driving wet. At least the bar was a pun.

At last, we were off. The bar closed to the corner passed the Glasgow anti-submarine boom. The third day out, the sealed orders were broken: we were to join the British Eighth Army for the invasion of Sicily. It was July 1, D-Day plus Day then, and, I thought, an appropriate time for Canadians to learn of their part in the attack on Europe.

During the voyage, there were a couple of storms but no attacks. Through the Straits of Gibraltar, the weather turned hot, and the men spent most of the time on deck getting a tan. It could have been a Mediterranean cruise. However, heading north for Sicily we ran into the Italian fleet; there were ships as far as the eye could see, big ships and little ships, warships and troopships, and swarms of landing craft.

It had been smooth sailing, but so we joined the armada on ugly storm waves up. The sea became so rough that they seemed to swamp our destroyer escorts. Would our D-Day, July 10, 1943, have to be postponed? By nightfall the wind had dropped. The *Marmora* was still awaking and heaving, but it became apparent that we were to land as planned under cover of darkness. H-Hour was 3 a.m. However, the storm delayed operations; the small troops had difficulty getting down the swirling nets onto the landing craft, which were being buffeted by the waves. They were unable to leave the ship off 3 a.m. when it was daylight.

This could have been disastrous, but there was little resistance. The Italian warships that anticipated about fighting and were soon to give up in distress. I wore with the reserves, my portable typewriter wrapped up in my lifebelt as that it would be unreliable. A DUKW, a large amphibious vehicle, came alongside our landing craft where we ran onto a sandbar and took us ashore. I landed in Sicily without getting my feet wet.

Already, anti-aircraft guns were ashore, and tanks and more guns and troops were



Wardlaw, in back of jeep (Manno with glasses), and broadcasting (left), remembers the heat and dust



a land of jumping legs between the Rhoda and the right bank of the U.S. Seventh Army. The former were to take Catania and to advance along the east side of the great volcano, Mount Etna, to Messina, the latter had the west side of the island and Palermo as their prize, also en route to Messina. Gen. Bernard Montgomery commanded the British, Gen. George S. Patton the Americans. Their rivalry began in Sicily. Patton was determined to beat Montgomery to Messina, and he did.

After a few days of burning rides, we finally got a jeep of our own. Five of us piled on, Ross Manno of the Canadian Press, the only other Canadian journalist with the troops, myself, our broadcasting PR officer and two army cameramen. We made a triumphant procession, past thousands of happy, waving Italian prisoners; we even stopped in on the surrender of an Italian general. My memory of this rapid advance was of the burning heat and the powdery dust that covered the mass of tanks and trucks and made the sunken soldiers look like dusty poles. From a great thrill we felt we were missing history.

Then we ran into the Germans on the foothills of Etna, and the going got tough. We reached the front line, and, come around the line. I reached the danger of covering a small section because although this was merely

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History >

a skirmish against German paratroopers, seven Canadian soldiers were killed. Later, I saw their bodies wrapped in blankets, awaiting burial.

I had been writing like a print journalist, sending dispatches by last broadcast, and the CBC now called me to go to a radio station and make some voice broadcasts. The Canadians were held up in a place called Laonville, where the Germans were making a stand, and I figured this was a good time to leave the front. As a result of my Priority 2 travel documents, I was able to take a landing craft to Malta and then fly to Algiers.

There were extensive press and radio facilities at Allied Force Headquarters there, and I found that a couple of CBC engineers had arrived with recording equipment. When I heard on July 25 that Mussolini had fallen, I redoubled my efforts as I became more anxious than ever to get back to the front. I got off four 15-minute broadcasts, a couple of shorter reports, as well as an article for *Maclean's* in just three days.

I made sure that the CBC engineer, Paul Johnson, and the portable recording equip-

ment would fly back with me. It was easy enough to get to Tunis, but all the planes in Italy were full of Priority 1 personnel. There might be a gap later, we were told time and time again. In desperation, I turned down the official transport command to the Royal Air Force. They had two planes leaving the

IT WAS a fearful experience, like facing a firing squad. Our only protection was our steel helmets, which seemed so inadequate.

next morning and there was room for me, and for Johnson, and for the portable recording equipment, which came in two large boxes together weighing 50 lb.

It was less than an hour flight to Casabie, 30 km from the Italian peninsula. Ambulances were unloading stretcher cases to be flown to hospitals in Malta and North Africa, and we climbed onto the back of the troops, 100

men strong, on several of them and an anti-machine gun. We reached the front just after Agira was captured. In what was the Canadian's biggest battle of the Sicilian campaign, The Beatles' pop band (from Vancouver) was going to celebrate the decisive victory by being "actors" in the town square. This would make for a great first broadcast upon directly from the front. So we took the precious recording equipment we kept up to Agira, a typical Sicilian hill town on the coast to Enna. We parked beside a Romanesque church in the medieval main square. There were prison among the crowd and I got them to ring the church bells before the band struck up.

I described the scene. It worked out wonderfully. The BBC used it on their short-wave service and the Beatles were surprised and delighted to hear it the following night. It was called the "first sound out of conquered territory in Europe." It was, in fact, the first sound of liberation. **B**

Peter Northing, 75, the author of 14 books, first served at Agira in Sicily during the Second World War.

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Film | BRIAN D. JOHNSON



DISEASE, MONSTERS AND METAPHOR

Contagion and inner demons run rampant in three new movies

AT THEIR BEST, movies are like dreams, or nightmares. And the cinema is a kind of Freudian observatory, a collective couch where we can see our fears, fantasies and cravings writ large. So often filmmaking is just the art of magnifying the repressed urge, offering a vision of what might happen if it were left unchecked. At least that's the case with *Hulk*, *28 Days Later* and *Contagion*. Moreover, these wildly different tales of psychology from three distinct cultures.

Hulk and *28 Days Later* are both about unleashing of violent, uncontrolled rage that results from laboratory experiments gone awry. In *28 Days Later*, angryish horror film from Britain, the rage is spread by a virus that threatens to wipe out civilization. In *Hulk*, a comic-book blockbuster from Hollywood, anger is channelled into heroism. *Contagion*, a movie from Canada about a quarter-century ago. It's based on the true story of a Toronto assistant bank manager whose life—along with \$10 million of apothecary bank funds—is consumed by an insatiable urge to gamble. These are all disaster movies, it goes, that the demons take different shapes.

28 Days Later arrives with spooky timing. In a age of SARS, AIDS, monkeypox, mad cow and the terror of "plague," contagion has become a living metaphor for the times. Written by Alex Garland (*The Beach*) and directed by Danny Boyle (*Trainspotting*), the zombie thriller gives visceral form to our worst end-of-the-world fears. It opens with a grisly homage to the evocation their age: experiment in *A Clockwork Orange*. Animal rights activists break into a private research lab where caged chimps are being bombarded by video images of horrific violence. As soon as they're unshackled, the apes savagely attack their liberators. The animals, as it turns out, are infected by a virus that sends them into a psychotic rage, and that can be transmitted by the slightest drop of blood.

Out of 28 days later, a bearded cowboy named Jess (Colin Hanks) wakes from a



Hulk (top) and *28 Days Later* are both about infections of uncontrolled anger caused by lab experiments gone awry

come in an abandoned hospital, and winds out to find the streets of London eerily deserted and strewn with litter. Britain has been largely evacuated, but life is in the ruins, and before you can say *Night of the Living Dead*,

Jess is on the run from mind-horror of "infected" persons. He finds refuge with a hard-eyed survivor named Selma (Nasser Harris), a hippie and driver named Frankie (Brendan Gleeson), and his daughter, Hannah (Megan Burns). After picking up an unrecalled radio broadcast from an outpost of soldiers in Manchester, they drive off in search of salvation, like a perverse parody of *On the*

It's hardly moving through the countryside.

28 Days Later unfolds as a gripping suspense film punctuated by gruesome violence, including a scene of a man plunging his fingers into another's eye sockets. Shooting on digital video, Boyle also relies for a painterly, post-apocalyptic beauty, with images of awful devastation under sickly yellow skies. The movie is so much social statement as horror genre, but the message is hammered home somewhat crudely in the final act. The survivors end up at a country estate that has been turned into a military compound, run by a fascist major (Christopher Eccleston)—Kurt as head prefect in the boarding school from hell. This notion of "civilization" may be subversive as anything the zombies have to offer. And by the time a soldier asks, "What would you do with a diseased little island?" it's clear he's talking about containing in the blood that goes deeper than a viral infection.

Black is another self movie that tries to have it both ways—a tale of catastrophic infection that treats the immune system as metaphor. And it, too, revolves molecular

madness in an animal lab, as scientist Bruce Banner (Eric Balfanz) has his DNA re-coded by a job of gamma radiation that turns him into an un-jolly green giant, who turns him into an un-jolly green giant. Banner is not mad. But **Black** looks on the bright side of unrestrained rage. Banner's jellyfish-like transformation into a now-cringing super id serves as a kind of primal therapy, taking him

SO OFTEN FILMMAKING is just the art of magnifying the repressed urge, offering a vision of what might happen if it were left unchecked

back to his own private ground zero—a covered memory of family disaster as a child growing up in the desert with horrific military experiences.

This is one complicated cartoon character. Murnane's, Banner's lab created love interest, Betty (Jennifer Connolly), delivers a psychoanalytic play-by-play, with lines such

as, "emotional damage can manifest physically" and "a physical wound is finer but with emotions, what's to say it won't go on and on and start a chain reaction."

Mixing Freud, Jung, nuclear physics and immunology, **Black** has to be the most bizarre comic-book movie ever made. But then, it was directed by Ang Lee (*The Ice Storm*, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*) and co-written by his usual collaborator, film professor James Schamus. They may seem an unlikely match for Marvel Comics. But Lee has called **Black** his extension of *Green Destiny*, the mythical sword in *Crouching Tiger*. And as you watch a green Goliath brawling a mutant poodle in a redwood forest, it plays like a Paul Verhoeven version of *Crouching Tiger's* *Yin-Yang* in the bamboo.

It takes a while for **Black** to gain momentum. The first hour is sluggish, so convoluted with family history that you start to wonder if this will be the first action blockbuster with more talk than action. The film is a bit like the Hulk himself, a volcano on a slow boil. No matter how sophisticated the script, we're still going to end up with a green

monster in tight shorts twisting necks like taffy, and bounding across desert dunes like a jackrabbit on amphetamines. But even without an empty subject, Lee has a graceful touch. Whether depicting post-apocalyptic sprawl of DNA, or the Hulk popping out his socks, he directs with finesse, using split-screen visuals to accelerate the tempo. He doesn't let the actors escape the action, whose faces seem naturally cartoon-like. Oddly, most have thick, dark eyebrows—Berra, Connolly and even Ewan, who plays her father, Glen "Thunderbolt" Ross. And even without effort, a sluggish Nick Nitro is rather Hulkish as Banner's mad-scientist father, who unleashes a proton like-kick butt. By the time **Black** reaches its thematic biblical domain, no one can complain that this is a macho blockbuster with no substance. Call it *Crouching Ego, Hauling Id*.

Opening Mahowey is about another man possessed by destructive forces, but he's what you might call the opposite of a comic-book hero—almost smaller than life. A Canada UK production, written and directed by British filmmaker Richard Rowlands (*Love and Death on Long Island*), the movie is based on the best-selling book by Toronto journalist Gary Bass, *Stung: The Incredible Obsession of Brian Mahoney* (2002). And the discrepancy between "Mahowey" and "Mahowey" in the titles indicates that the film takes some liberties with this true story of a compulsive gambler who was convicted of embezzlement in 1982. But no-one is more amused at how faithful the film is to the book's spirit than its author: "They actually got it right," Bass told me.

Philip Seymour Hoffman is immaculately cast as Dan Mahowey, a mild-mannered nerd of an insurance bank manager. Siphoning funds was begun loans, he digs himself deeper and deeper into debt as he places bets on everything that moves: sports, games, cards, dice, roulette. Mahowey has no interest in what money will buy, only the opportunity to play with it. Soon he's commuting between two heavily guarded temples of cash—the grey marble walls of a Toronto bank and the audacious glitz of a casino in Atlantic City. At home, he keeps embezzling money to pay off a steady but unattractive broker (Maury Chaykin). And in Atlantic City, he like slaps down to figure bets at the tables, a smarmy casino boss (John Hurt) tries to pander this eccentric client as if he were a prize thoroughbred. The casino often him hawks and



Hoffman enacts the slow-motion train wreck of a man, while *Drain* (top) plays his master

gourmet food, but all he wants is "cigs, no sweat and a Coke."

In the wings is Mahowey's devoted girlfriend, Belinda, a clerk in his bank, who's threatened by his habit but has no idea how he it goes. Played by an almost unrecognizable Minnie Driver, Belinda's character seems strangled by the dichotomy of a wide-eyed, glibly evasive. It's hard to imagine what Mahowey holds her and her man together. But then, most of the characters who surround Mahowey lack dimension. When you come down to it, this is a one-man show. Our pleasure lies in watching Hoffman's consummate performance, as he enacts the slow-motion train wreck of a man who is so self-effacing, so intensely focused on "The

Game, that the drama consists of simply watching him sweat, or swallow tremors furiously during an awkward pause.

It happens to love watching a character gamble his life away, but *Opening Mahowey* isn't like especially perverse luck. As I left the theatre, quite satisfied, I thought this picture's not going to make a dime. In the course of time, it's a lost bet. Unlike those *Deadly Hollywood* fables of men with secret lives—from *A Beautiful Mind* to *Catch Me If You Can*—it's not a shambly tale of redemption. The drama is narrow, one-way street. And Hoffman is no Russell Crowe or Leonardo DiCaprio. He's just a brilliant American actor playing a renowned Canadian with a weakness for numbers. **B**

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THE BARE NECESSITIES

My wife and I ignore peer pressure and fully enjoy life in our topless state

THERE GOES MY WIFE, off to work. Topless again. She's been going topless fairly often these days, making far more than just eyebrows. She started, as she always does, in the spring, when the blossoms slip off their branches to reveal the shapely curves of budding leaves, and the area bouncer and away with the warm seductive breezes of the approaching summer. I, for one, hope she'll go topless more often. With golden brown hair falling on bare shoulders, she turns heads in anything she chooses to wear, or not wear. She pretends not to hear the neighbours' gossip and gossip disapprovingly as she drives by them. "Why?" they say, "oh why didn't Mrs. Wilson buy a van instead?"

Which leads me, in this season of incessant car commercials, to explain why we bought a convertible.

We're decidedly middle class, and professionally middle-aged. We live in the suburbs. We have two kids in one or more of soccer, lacrosse, skating, swimming, chess, ballet, piano, Irish dance and, I believe this month, beer drinking and cigarette lessons. Why wouldn't we have done the sensible, practical, middle-aged thing, and bought a van or SUV instead of buying the soft top? God knows the peer pressure was strong. "You can separate your two kids and different ways if they fight," said one friend. "You can drive them and all of their friends to soccer practice, and take the balls, too," said another. "My van can play their favourite movies in the back seat with the built-in video player," advertised my brother-in-law, a copy of the *Pokemon* movie in his hand.

My wife and I had gotten by pretty well with one car since we married, moved to suburban New Westminster and started a family. My wife drives to her office in Surrey 15 miles the SkyTrain to ride in downtown Vancouver. If I had so, I might argue that by using public transit every working day for over 12 years (thereby reducing greenhouse gases in the process), I've been a good global citizen, and should be entitled to ride car-bon credits under the Kyoto Protocol with,

say, Nicolas or the Falkland Islands.

But the Road to Kyoto is nowhere near this week's soccer game, race week's lacrosse tournament and tonight's ballet recital. Vancouver may be an easy commute to a public transit, but Mundy Park in Coquitlam might just as well be to the moon.

So it's the demands of children at play, not the demands of adults at work, that made a second vehicle a necessity in our growing family. It seems the dream of the Kyoto accord didn't know they'd need an Accord to get to soccer.

But we chose a convertible instead. It was cheaper, easier on gas than a van and far more fun for those of us who only have one life to live.

And boy, did it ever not have features! For one thing, it's not as big as a hatchback or van, so it's not particularly easy to fit a lot of sports equipment in the trunk. As an extra bonus, there's no room in the back seat to ferry children other than our own. And better yet, no one asks us to help them move.

But take the top off this baby and there's a whole new set of features that aren't even



in the manual: hotness and sunsets with nothing but mountains in the way, open spaces and cool breezes, eagles and hawks in their winter livery were there, once we moved for owners of expensive condos in the city. That and a great tan, too.

All this while we taught the gods of man who would try to make us put the top up (so they so often try to do in this part of the country).

My wife let me use the convertible to drive my brother to a convention in Whistler last January, the cold morning air and my brother's liberal sensibilities conspiring to keep the top firmly up. After dropping him off at his hotel and saying goodbye, I pulled the top down, earned the host to my room, and drove the Sea-to-Sky Highway all the way home, turning not only the sun gods but the gods of snow and fog as well. It was cold, but it was marvelous. The north wind can handle their horns approvingly at the sight of my sheer gall.

Along the way, a friend from Tsawwassen phoned me on my cell. "What's all that noise?" he asked, so I pulled off to a viewpoint to take the call.

"I'm driving down when Whistler and I took the top off the convertible," I said.

"Why on Earth would you do such a thing in the middle of winter?" he asked.

"Because I can," I answered. "It's B.C., after all."

Other than big monsters in the lives of our kids, there's little in our predictable, middle-class and middle-aged world that compares to driving down the highway on a stormy June day, top down, wind blowing in our hair, the CD machine blasting our Good Vibes with the kids singing along for all the van drivers to hear.

I suppose playing the Beach Boys with the top down smacks in the middle of the rain forest's no-code to impracticability, our retirement to budgeting friends set by others, our "rasberry" to middle age. I imagine the other drivers yelling to me: "You're 45 years old. You're too old for a convertible. You need a van—think of the seasons."

"No!" I yell back to us, driving away like the Road Runner on a warm Chalk Jones day. "We're topless for life!"

Well, I suppose my wife is. Unless I get special dispensation, I only get to drive the convertible to soccer. **Q**

Tony Wilson is a Vancouver lawyer and writer. To contribute to *overtoyou@nrc.ca*.

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Music | Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative

Don't let Donald Satchie's soulful sounds fool you. The tunes on his self-titled album, released last month on the Verve label, are no harp for change law. "There's already enough of the dark kind of stuff out there," says the Vancouver soul singer. An intensely spiritual person—he meditates regularly and studies with the Buddhist Karmapa World Spiritual University—Satchie, 36, is also a thoroughgoing optimist. And it's his responsibility, he says, to share that outlook.

With a sole focus that stretches from singing to the blues, his third CD lives up to that pledge—whether in the uplifting tenor of his *New King Cole*-style delivery on *Day Is Day Out*, or the just plain fun of *Tyler & Green* (his salute to his lacha vegetarian ways). Satchie even turns the blues into a happy refrain, with a lyrical twist on another original, *You Treat Me So Good*. The album offers a few other pleasure surprises,

including an arrangement of his and the *Night and the Music* on which Satchie's playing of the melodica (a cross between a harmonica and a keyboard) joins his sentiments lasting somewhere on a Mediterranean shore.

Voted "male just vocalist of the year" for four consecutive years by *Canada's Jazz Report Magazine*, Satchie is anxious to share his music with a wider audience. It's ironic, he says, "to break out of Canadian territory and visit the global family," something the soon-to-be U.S.-based Verve label is sure to facilitate. As will the quality of his backup band: Pianist Bruno Hubert, bass player Ruben Rogers and drummer Gregory Hutchinson do more than merely accompany the singer—they provide rhythmic drive and a richness of their own. "I've got the best session in the house," says Satchie of his fellow players. **Positively** —Sue Haskins

Diversions | Marnie McBean

What the 39-year-old retired Olympic swimmer (1980) KIDNEY SCOLIOSIS CURE? BY HARE, by Maribou Stodie: "It follows a Canadian family, the Guineas, and the mystery of Solomon. It's so well written and has so many great characters."

MUSIC DETECTIVE by Tinkie Chang: "I love the energy of the song 'Hundred Miles'... it's one of those songs you can hear 'Lullaby' and never get tired of it."



World | Repaying a favour

"I can't believe we live in a country of 32 million," says Ben Peterson as he cranks up a record player. You have to excuse the 28-year-old Vancouverite for his preoccupation with money: He's putting together funds for a new non-governmental organization, *Journalists for Human Rights*, that will help train African journalists to write about injustices in their countries. After spending six months in Ghana as an intern with the Canadian Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, the son of former Ontario premier David Peterson wanted to pay back the warmth and kindness he experienced there.

"Also," says Peterson, whose job it was to write reports in the UK about human rights issues, "I'd find it tough to get these stories, then come home and become an investment banker." The idea for JHR, he says, came from Alexandra Scott-Lévesque, a Montreal native and fellow BANT intern, who was sent to the Ivory Coast. There, Scott-Lévesque, now 24, witnessed the huge influence of the media on public opinion—and was convinced that journalists in developing



Peterson promotes journalist freedoms

countries could help to educate people about their rights. "We're doing us a favour by helping to educate," says Peterson, "but they don't know how to articulate their grievances."

The organization, which Peterson and Scott-Lévesque founded in 2003, has teamed up with African journalist associations in Ghana and the Ivory Coast—two countries where journalistic freedoms are already in place—to teach workshops on human rights reporting. It also recruiting volunteers to publish a Ghanaian newspaper supplement, discussing issues such as sexual abuse, racism and child slavery. "There are organizations out there who work for freedom of expression," says Peterson. "But once countries that don't have freedom of expression get it, what do they do with it? We come in as a second wave and put some shape and form to that freedom." **KNOWLEDGE** —KARIN MARLEY

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People | Is that a \$40,000 cheque tucked in your purse?

Margaret Avison had to be helped up the steps to the microphone. But when the 85-year-old poet spoke, her voice rang with authority—much like the poems in *Concrete and Rigid*. Carrol, which had just been one of two other collections for the Canadian portion of the \$80,000 Griffin Poetry Prize, the world's richest for a single volume of verse. "This is ridiculous," she blurted out to the Toronto audience at the June 13 event. "I don't see how anyone could pick a single winner. What makes you write a poem in secret from this kind of occasion?" Later, the 1941 Massey's she was diagnosed at her outburst of candour. But the crowd, which

included Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson and such notable authors as Margaret Atwood and Michael Ondaatje, clearly fell in love with the poet. The audience laughed warmly as she spoke, and cheered as philanthropist and prize founder Susan Griffin tucked the cheque in her purse for safekeeping. Another \$40,000 went to Irish poet Paul Muldoon, who won in the international category for *May pond and gravel*.

Born in 1938 in Northeast Ontario, Avison has worked menial, quiet, librarian, and

Avison was too committed to writing poetry to settle into a professional career

and nursemaid. "Anything," she says, "that left my evenings free to write. You can't have a professional career and also be a poet." A committed Christian, she currently lives in a retirement home in downtown Toronto. Her poems, highly visual, quietly passionate, are charged with a love of nature and a sense of spiritual quest. In the 1980s, poems of her collection, *Along a path*, read as to *Atk / survival / love / some indelible / momentous loss. There will begin, / perhaps, a slow / cover, gradual, germinating / in the darkness.* In order to write such lines, Avison says, "I didn't go into a personal diary that is not personal, where I feel one of having 'you're expressing'." JOHN DEMME

Books | Six weeks that shook the world

"It is too early to say" Ottawa leader Osho Brin's famous assessment of the effects of the French Revolution is cited approvingly—and appropriately—in *The Fall of France: The Revolutionary Wars 1792-1802* by P.F. Brin. Historian Julian Jackson's thoughtful account of a seminal moment in world history tells through French military, diplomatic and political battles in the 1790s. Jackson concludes the post-war consensus that a deep-rooted national malaise had made the catastrophe inevitable is a myth fiction—how cultural pessimism to a few birth race—that might have come into play in a long war, he argues, were unimportant in a brutally quick, entirely military defeat. Simply put, the French army guessed wrongly as to where the German thrust would come, an error that put its worst troops up against the Wehrmacht's best. More intriguing though, is Jackson's exploration of the driver's continuing echoes, including the shadow it has cast on French foreign policy ever since.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	PREVIOUS WEEK
1. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	1
2. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	2
3. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	3
4. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	4
5. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	5
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7. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	7
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Non-fiction

1. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	1
2. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	2
3. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	3
4. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	4
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6. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	6
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9. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	9
10. <i>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</i> by Lisa Fiedler (H)	10

11. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* by Lisa Fiedler (H)

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YOU DON'T KNOW JACK

Layton, that is. As other parties bicker, the NDP leader's getting election-ready.

I'M GOING to take the long way around to trying to see more things about Jack Layton, but let's begin by observing an oddity.

From March 2000 until I left my old newspaper column this spring, I'm pretty sure I was more frequently critical of Paul Martin than any other Ottawa journalist. Now, usually when you pass a politician on the street—be he Brock Day, Jean Chrétien, Joe Clark or whomever—you can expect to catch e-mail from at least a few readers. Everyone has a fan club that's easy to ride.

Yet here's the strange thing: nobody ever seemed to get angry when I criticized Martin. I never received an angry rebuttal from a reader whom I didn't know to be a card-carrying member of the Martin organization. To be sure, the Martin organization is bigger than New Brunswick, but that still leaves a lot of people who don't mind watching the big guy get roughed up.

All this may mean very little. Or it may mean Paul Martin will be a lot more vulnerable, once he leaves the Liberal headquarters and starts fighting in broad daylight, then his adoring fans in the caucus think.

But one thing's for sure: he can't lose seats if nobody running against him has a clue. As this corner has pointed out, you can look a long time for credible opposition to the Martin-led Liberals without finding much.

For a few hours on a recent Monday night, it was possible to believe Stephen Harper might finally be figuring out how to play this game. He showed up at the biggest Canadian Alliance fundraiser Toronto has seen since the height of Stockmanism 2000. More than 1,000 Hogsheads swells were on hand, at \$500 a head. The crowd was almost giddy with excitement. For Stephen Harper, strange has true.

Truth be told, he gave a heck of a speech. For 20 minutes he delivered the rationale for an Alliance government in terms that would surely have appealed to more than the 12 or 15 per cent of Canadians who say, in recent polls, that they'd vote for Harper's party. He said the Liberals are afraid to meet their

responsibilities around the world and obsessed with meddling in the provinces' business—and he neatly linked the two criticisms. "A strong national government concentrates on those things that cannot be left effectively to lower levels of government and must never be left to foreign governments."

There was more good stuff. But you did not hear a word of it if you watched the news that night or read the papers the next morning, because Harper also spent 10



minutes praying for a merger with Peter MacKay's Tories. The assembled scribbles were unanimous in covering the easy 10 minutes, not the substantive 20. But there are a few new obstacles to merger. The Tories don't want it. The Alliance doesn't want it. (Candidates advocating formal merger ran dead last in both parties' leadership campaigns.) Peter MacKay signed a deal saying he wouldn't do it. Yet it remains a pipedream. Both parties cheerfully pour the only ink the press corps ever gives them: "With a federal election as close as 10 months away, there's no hope they will do

what it takes to show that get either merger, or shut up about merging already.

Well then, if politics is the art of the possible, who isn't distracted from the possible by an obsession with the absurd? Say hello to Jack Layton.

He has had a rotten couple of months. His speech at the annual press gallery dinner was only slightly less amusing than a trip to the dentist. The Tories won a by-election, deroading Layton's heady caucus from fourth to fifth place in the Commons. Despite hard work and Layton's formidable skills in French, two more by-elections on June 16 showed the NDP to be in a closer fight with the Marjane party in Quebec than with the Liberals.

And yet, alone among the leadershiping Paul Martins, Layton has already named his mind to serious opposition for next year's election. And more than any of the others, he's already adept at countering his palaces with Martin's record.

He has begun beating the drums for democratic reform based on proportional representation. "Because frankly, if Paul Martin is prime minister, big money will run this country," Layton told me. "I don't hesitate to say it that bluntly. And his attempt to block his own party's campaign-finance bill is testament to that."

As a former president of the Federation of Canadian Municipalities, Layton will go head-to-head with Martin on urban issues. On health care, he has a trump card up his sleeve: "Ray Romano is really unhappy with what's happening."

His first priority is to pull the NDP out of Pennsylvania. Layton is riding city councils and provincial governments for candidates. "Two-thirds of my candidates will have handled a ten-dollar before," he says. His politics will come from the real world, he mentions a prescription drug program from Australia. "I want to always be able to point to something where these ideas are working."

He has a smart new chief of staff, Dorcas Flanagan, who worked with Gary Doer while the Minutemen were from opposition to power. Layton benefits from favourable coverage in the Toronto Star, a state-of-affairs that is giving Ontario's Liberal/NTP connections. The polls I've seen show his party in last place. But just watch him go. You heard it here first.

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